PZ
3
.M6142M

FT MEADE
GenColl

MOBILIA,

A NOVEL,

—*BY*—

GEORGE ERNEST MILLER,

—*AUTHOR OF*—

"Conrad," "Gatheringia," "Luxilla," "Corolene," Etc.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
COPYRIGHT
JUL 5 1886
13034
CITY OF WASHINGTON

COPYRIGHT, BY THE AUTHOR, 1886.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

PZ3
M6142M

"SPEAK OF ME AS I AM: NOTHING EXTENUATE,
NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE."

CHAPTER I.

An eldery gentleman, appearing to be about fifty years of age, sat, or rather reclined in his easy chair, on one of those broad porches, (galleries, so called in that region,) of a Southern country residence.

From his seat he could see, in front, the wide waters of the Mississippi River sweeping by, and, by a slight turn of the head, his broad acres, formerly bearing a rich frution, but now showing some neglect, occasioned by the cruel war then waging, which not only drew the white population to the front, but unsettled all classes of labor, business and means of communication.

Yet Mr. Lane was a very rich man. His neighbors said he was certainly worth a million dollars, if *ante bellum* values could be counted on.

Though possessed of wealth, there was a minor undertone, or accompaniment to the melody of prosperity, common to so many of our *virtuosi* of trade, and that was bad health.

About four months before this time he had received a heavy fall from a spirited horse; the bad effects of which, added to a never very strong frame, were now showing themselves in extreme feebleness.

"Link," said Mr. Lane, as a fine looking man approached with a waiter, on which was a bottle of choice Port wine, "tell one of the girls to hand you the latest paper from my wife's room, and I will see if strength will let me read what the boys are doing at the front."

It was a mulatto whom he addressed, about thirty years old, and so light a color was he that only an adept could tell him from a Creole, common to that warm climate, especially as his features were almost entirely Caucasian.

This individual was owned and raised by Mr. Lane, who h[illegible] him as a *valet de chambre*, and there seemed to be a g[illegible] of affection between them.

Link could read and write, and was of incalculabl[illegible] use to his master in the daily management of a large estate; in fact, he often acted as amanuensis, in the absence of one regularly employed to keep the books and papers. When the paper was handed to Mr. Lane, he put on his spectacles and read the heading slowly, with a trembling hand:— "'Mobile, July 10th, 186–,' – blessed home of my birth and earliest recollections! Link! take it and read to me, for such memories have been brought up that my eyes are too wet and dim,– but wait! You have always been faithful to me, boy, and I am going to tax that faithfulness by asking you to do a cruel thing; but, if you love me, it will be done.

"Freedom was promised to you years ago, at my death; the only hinderance to granting it then, being the great service you were to me.

"Give me your hand, and look me in the eyes! There now! Listen:— I'm not going to live but a few weeks. When I am gone, you must steal my child from its mother, and take it where you are told. Look in my desk drawer, and a letter will give instructions!"

CHAPTER II.

"Let us find the picture about the Death of Custer! It is in the Virginia Department, near here somewhere!" exclaimed a pretty and sprightly blonde to a party visiting the New Orleans Exposition, of which she was a member.

The leader of this party was Mr. Clairo, a wealthy Philadelphian. Not being in very good health, a short time before this, during the Winter, he determined to visit Florida, and also to see the New Orleans Exposition, on the way. He was over sixty years of age, and, when at home, lived with his only son, whose family consisted of himself, wife and three children.

Mr. Clairo Jr. had two girls and one boy. The eldest was Miss Callie, aged twenty; then came Mr. Harry, of eighteen summers, and Miss Alice, of five.

All of these named were in the party, and, in addition, Mrs. Fresco, and Miss Gybe, a maiden lady, both friends of Mrs. Clairo.

Little Alice's nurse was along also. Mr. Alexander Clearview, a young man of about thirty, said to be a great admirer of Miss Callie, had absented himself for a short while, and the rest were waiting for him.

In response to Miss Callie, who had made the remark about going to see the picture, Mr. Clairo Sr. said, and his word was always considered as authority by all:— "I see Mr. Clearview coming now. He is a minute man, and promised to meet us exactly at four o'clock."

She turned and waited for the young man, who joined the party and shook hands all around, until he came to little Alice, the last.

"This is little Alice, of whom I have heard so much! Can you give me a kiss?" exclaimed he, lifting her from the side of the nurse and kissing her twice. The party then walked along, the young man taking his position by the side of Miss Callie.

Mr. Clearview was a good looking man, of a complexion that might be called mixed type, neither fair nor dark.

He was of that slendor mold, which combines grace and poetry of motion, and when distance had been overcome in attractiveness, nearness was pleased by an expressive gray eye, and face decidely Grecian in its tendency, but made very masculine by the large forehead and firmness displayed in the lower part of the face.

He belonged to a prominent New York law firm, being the junior member, and so eminently successful had he been from the very start, that his partner, a wealthy and influential member of the bar, for half a century, had often expressed himself, that it would almost be impossible for him to get along without Clearview.

Our young friend was a great ladies' man, and, though possessed of arduous duties, he found ample time to pay them *devoirs* of society.

Clearview had often been called fast; but if such imputations were brought up, in shape of insinuations, behind his back, in his presence not only were the clouds of dislike dispelled, by the sunshine of his countenance and elegance of his manners, but impressions were left, when he was gone, like the mellow Autumn-tinted glow of evening.

This seemed to be particularly the case with the fair sex, and though he laid no claims to aristocracy, if any of the "sets," noted for their frigidty, touched his circle, an inexpressible warmth of nature would melt those barriers down. This was curious, as he had been a country boy.

Miss Callie seemed to be on intimate terms with him, as if they were old acquaintances, and such they were, if being thrown together a great deal at Saratoga, Old Point Comfort, and White Sulphur Springs, for two seasons, could make them so.

She was very pretty, attractive in conversation, and some said they were engaged. If it were so, it had never been "announced," after the fashion in the North.

The report was also, it would be a desirable match financially for Clearview; for the young lady would not only inherit a portion of her father's large fortune, but that of her grandfather, which was still larger. She now seemed very much pleased with his company.

They soon arrived before the picture for which Miss Callie was looking, and all stood gazing at the exciting scene, except Clearview.

He had seen it before, but did not tell them so, and now his eyes, wandering, fell upon the nurse of little Alice.

How curiously she appeared! Her dark eyes were bright with quiet and passionate excitement; dilating as she bent forward to gaze at the picture.

Beholding the young man looking at her, she turned away and paid some attention to the child.

CHAPTER III.

It was five minutes to eight o'clock, and Clearview sat in the St. Charles Theatre alone, waiting for the curtain to rise, before which "Nevada" would appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

He was restless, for a telegram had been received from his firm in New York, in regard to some business that had terminated badly; and he knew that if he had been there to manage the matter, a successful ending would have been brought-about.

How the people crowded in! many of whom he knew or had seen before; for the wealthy and *élite* of the country generally tend toward the same points, in their search for recreation and amusement.

As he gazed upon couple after couple, with the glance of a connoisseur, one met his eye which caused a deep thrill of excitement to pass through his whole being. A large man, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, heavy moustache and beard, was escorting Miss Callie Clairo to her seat, whose evening dress was resplendent with diamonds.

"Who are they?" whispered a stylish looking lady, leaning over to her companion, just in front of him.

"It is Miss Clairo, of Philadelphia, and a Spanish gentleman. I saw them together at Newport once, last Summer.

"She is very wealthy, but he will never get her; she is engaged to a New York lawyer."

Just as this information was given, the curtain arose, and, though it was a practice not indulged in by so elegant a gentleman as our friend Clearview, a deep oath, in an undertone, preluded the following remark:– "DeBalbao again! after ten years. I thought he had been cleared out of my way! But no, dark nightmare, thou art here again!"

When the first act was ended, he gazed a moment at Miss Callie, and her escort, who seemed to be very much infatuated, arose suddenly, and, in a few moments was at the street door.

"Where are you going, Mr. Clearview?" said a voice at his side. Looking up, he beheld Mrs. Fresco and Miss Gybe, escorted by Mr. Clairo Sr.

It was the first named lady who addressed him, as they passed out the same door.

"I am going your way, if you will allow an addition to your company. Mr. Clairo, permit me?" and he took her on his arm.

"In answer to your question," said Clearview, as they walked towards the hotel, "I was very restless; music did not seem to charm me, for once, and it seemed as if my bed would be the proper place for me. But why do *you* all leave so early?"

"We heard people all around us giving such bad reports about the safety of the Theatre, that as soon as it could be done, without causing notice, we came out. Some said, it is liable to fall down, and one of the galleries did sink a little, several nights ago, when Patti sang in 'La Traviata'," replied Mrs. Fresco.

"That is certainly bad; but the papers say it has been properly repaired since," added Clearview.

"It may be so," continued she, "but we could not sit with the impression upon us.

"Why are you alone to-night, Mr. Clearview?"

Mrs. Fresco was a good friend of his. She and he had been thrown together a great deal in society, and they had both had occasion to render each other important courtesies and favors.

Married when quite young, at her parents' wishes, against her own will, to an aristocratic, gay and fashionable young soldier, about ten years her senior, her life, though being free from any want of luxuries, had not been a happy one.

Her husband inherited a large fortune, but soon ran through it all by his fast life, and was encroaching on hers, when friends prevailed upon her to put an end to it forever.

They did not live together now, – he spending his time in the far West, or in Europe, and she, being admirably gifted, ruled as one

of the queens of society, in the circles in which she moved. Clearview's law firm had been the means of extricating her from some of her troubles, and he had taken no unimportant part in the proceedings.

Being about thirty-two, she had had at least fifteen years of experience in society; living in the atmosphere of which, she was able to feel the pulse, tell the trouble, and to prescribe for the ailments of one, should he or she not be thoroughly acclimated.

But she felt as if the young man by her side were almost her equal, and congenial sympathy existed between them:– When doctors are ill others prescribe!

In the existence of life there are two countries,– the Masculine and the Femine spheres, and between is the border-land of Society.

Though upon this intermediate ground, the inhabitants of both spheres meet, and breathe the common atmosphere of gossip, sentiment and enjoyment – some encroaching farther than others– few men pass clear over into the Feminine sphere, a different country, life and atmosphere, and few women into that of the Masculine. Those who ever reach far into that of the other, require the guiding hand of deep thought and inspiration.

Having no children, Mrs. Fresco had abundant time at her disposal to devote to her inclinations and friends, and had dived deeply into the caverns of human motives; sometimes to find beautiful gems, but mostly the dark repulsive rocks and sand.

In answer to her question, Clearview replied:– "I was not in the humor to entertain a young lady; and you know my principle is, never to go with one unless I can do my share of the conversation."

"Are you certain you are not encroaching on the lady's province, or prerogative, then?", asked she.

"No, as man's masculinity inspires love in woman, to be returned two folds, so are his thoughts and ideas, though more rugged, necessary to create interest in conversation, and evoke those delicate feminine ways of expression," replied he.

"Then how do you account for Saxe's expression :– 'The feminine gift of ready speech ?' You must recognize that woman is more fluent, generally speaking, than man, and it is certainly her province to entertain," added she.

They were about to cross the street, but the way was obstructed by the car, from which a gentleman alighted, addressing them in a well known voice and interrupted their *tête-à-tête*.

It was Harry Clairo, who said:– "You ought to be going the other way, to some place of amusement, and not to the hotel, this early. What is the matter ?"

"Come over to the hotel with us, and we will tell you, and get you to give an account of *yourself*," answered Mrs. Fresco.

After crossing the street, they were soon comfortably seated in the Ladies' parlor of the St. Charles Hotel.

"Now," said Harry, "tell me where *you* have been; as you are the older, I will, of course, yield precedence."

They related the occasion of their leaving the theatre, and then the following conversation took place, – but first, a description of the young man is due.

As before stated, he was eighteen, and like most persons of that age, masculine particularly, had a good many faults. He was no exception to the rule, but *his* were mostly conducive of funny blunders, all of which were tinctured with such good humor, that nobody could be angry with him. Of medium height; a little stout and full faced, with a mild ble eye and light hair, – makes up the description.

Most people said he resembled Miss Callie, in features at least.

"I went out to Spanish Fort with a couple of my friends, and we had such a nice time.

"We did not want to come back at all, but they said it would not run away, and that we could visit it again some other time. You know how afraid mother is that I might get with some *ordinary* people, and get lost in this dreadfully wicked city! but I do not think it is a bit worse than New York or Philadelphia.

"Here, everybody is wicked, and they do not try to hide it; *there* they are just as bad, but more hypocritical."

His two friends could not help from laughing heartily at this, especially Clearview.

"What else have you seen and done, since being in New Orleans?" asked he.

"Oh, many things, during my week's visit! This morning was passed with a pretty young lady, at the Exposition Grounds; and I would have had a much better time, if her mother had not been so close to her all the time, as if I would bite her! I do despise these Frenchy ways, where a girl has to have a *chaperon*, everywhere she goes.

"Now what a nice place Mobile is! I was over there just before coming here, and could go out with the young ladies, whereever we pleased, without having to take two every time. The expression:– 'What is home without a mother,' is very appropriate; but I wish *sweethearts* had no mothers."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Fresco, with that sweet, musical laugh, characteristic of herself. "Go on, Harry!" she exclaimed, controlling herself.

"Well," continued he, "we walked up and down the aisles of the Main Building, taking all the circulars that were handed to us; drinking tea at the "Heno" stand, buying something at every "Jerusalem" shop – let me tell you something!— I saw several fellows, dressed up as Turks, who live in *Philadelphia;* for I have seen them often on Chestnut Street!"

"Oh, no; they came all the way from the Holy Land!" said Clearview, with a humorous smile.

"I cannot recollect half we saw; for who could, when with such a pretty girl; but after buying a few silk handkerchiefs, made on the spot, listening to about one hundred pianos all going at once, weighing ourselves, signing our names in the large Visitors' Book, we took lunch at the Restaurant No. 2.

"I think it was there they gave us the smallest pieces of bread ever eaten."

"Where did you go then?" asked Mrs. Fresco.

"Oh, we walked along the promenade, that leads under those beautiful oaks, to the Art Gallery,– so called."

"What were your favorite pictures there?" asked Clearview.

"I do not know," continued Harry. "The ones most striking were:— 'The Cave of Diomed,' 'Driving the last Spike, in the Union Pacific Rail Road,' and the picture of the Christian Martyrs being torn by the lions.

"I was a little fellow in 1876; but I know that this is a mere farce, as compared with the Centennial Exhibit."

"You are correct, as regards the Art Exhibit; but the Main and Government Buildings *here* have a far more excellent display," said Mrs. Fresco.

"We did not visit the Government Building, leaving it for some other day; but strolled on to the Horticultural Hall. There was nothing there to see, except some apples and tropical trees; so we came on back, going by the Mexican Building which is not yet finished"

"Some of the party said they wanted to see John T. Raymond, in 'For Congress!' Others were going to hear Patti, and being quite fatigued we all came home.

"One of my young friends is at the Hotel Royal, where Patti is stopping. Her room is next to the parlor, and he tells me what extensive preparations are made for her at every meal. It must cost her a good deal to live, judging by what he says."

"The income of these celebrated Opera singers is great; but I am afraid their expenses correspond," said Clearview.

"You have been speaking about the Exposition, all the time; what do you think of the city itself, Harry?" asked Mrs. Fresco.

"If you mean the people, I must say that I like them very much. But there is this trouble:— Nobody can tell who is white, here;– for instance, one will meet ladies as dark as Mobilia, and he will be surprised to find out that they are white; then again, people of lighter and prettier faces will be called quadroons or octoroons."

"You are not going to be demented on that subject, like George W. Cable, I hope," said Mrs. Fresco.

"Well, never mind," said the young man, "I have said more than enough, already, and must go to the dining room, before it closes, for I am quite hungry. My visit here will be very much enjoyed, I am sure, if the *chaperon* idea does not give me too much trouble," replied Harry, rising and bidding them good-night.

"The boy is right," uttered Clearview, to his companion, after he had gone. "The word, – '*madame*' covers a multitude of sins here, and the Divine saying should be changed a little, to read — 'It is not good for *woman* to be alone!'

"New Orleans should be strictly American, and I do not fancy aping customs that say on their face:— our men are all villians."

"I agree with you, somewhat," replied Mrs. Fresco, "but think you are a little hard on the people here. This is my idea:— Not to let girls enter society until they are sufficiently matured, and then give them all the privileges of a free and noble hearted people.

"As I have seen, it is too much the habit of the Southern people, to let their daughters tread the labyrinths of society, when they are mere children. This is not the case farther North."

"But changing the subject!" interrupted Clearview. "What is this Mobilia that Harry mentioned?"

"Oh!" answered she, "only the nurse of little Alice, his sister."

Mrs. Fresco turned her head, while a slight shade passed over her face; which his quick eye caught, and it was recorded on the memory.

They were seated very comfortably, warming themselves; for it was getting quite cool. All of the guests had either retired, or had not yet come in from the entertainments going on in the city.

"I shall leave you all to-night," said he, drawing his easy chair close to her, and speaking in a low confidential tone.

She started, and said quickly:— "Why! you are not going back North, this soon?"

"No; I shall have two enemies at Court now, and think it best to withdraw for the present," replied he.

"What do you mean?" asked she, looking earnestly at him, "I did not know that you had an enemy anywhere."

"Did you see Miss Clairo, to-night, at the Opera?" exclaimed he almost in a whisper.

"No; I guess we must have been seated in front of her," answered she.

"Well, — I shall leave you now!" said he, rising and leaning closer to her ear. "Do not retire until she comes in. Observe her escort. He is my mortal enemy, and it would not do for us to meet just now!"

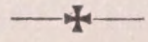
"Oh! you are not going to do something desperate?" exclaimed she.

"To prevent it, *now*, is why I leave you," replied he.

"Where are you going?"

"To the Hotel Royal, and I would ask you not to tell any of the party where I am." He kissed her hand and was gone.

CHAPTER IV.



When Clearview's footstep had died away, Mrs. Fresco walked to one of the large mirrors, looked in, and mechanically arranged her dress. She then sat down near the fire, gazed into it for a few moments intently, then arose quickly and paced the room.

She was evidently very restless and soon left the parlor.

Let us follow Clearview. Proceeding straight to his room, the articles thrown about were soon gathered up and quickly packed. There was a curious expression on his face, and when everything was fixed for leaving, he gave a deep sigh, sat down to rest a moment, and exclaimed, with hands clenched upon his knees: — "Oh, my God! which is it, Callie or Clara? And worst of all, that accursed De Balbao!"

He then hid his face in his hands and continued: — "Poor Mildred! in ten years, time and circumstances fashion men anew!"

Nothing more was said, but springing to his feet, he was soon at the hotel desk.

Glancing quickly down the long list, on the Register, his finger rested on a name, which read:— Francisco De Balbao.

"Please give me my bill, and have my baggage brought down to a cab at the door, at once!" said Clearview to the clerk, taking his pocketbook out nervously.

His bill was paid, and he stepped out; but did not see a face and pair of eyes look earnestly over the rotunda railing above, after him.

"It is after eleven," said Mrs. Fresco to herself, taking out her watch, in her room.

"They must be there by this time. I will pretend as if my shawl were left down there."

After locking her door, she proceeded down stairs to the parlor, finding a number of ladies and gentlemen; but the ones she wished to see had not yet come in.

An old lady, met in Philadelphia the winter before, was seated near the fire, and they soon engaged in conversation.

"Oh, it was so funny!" exclaimed Miss Callie Clairo, with a pleasant laugh, as she entered, followed by her dark admirer and mother.

She glanced around the large room, especially to a corner where a group of her young lady acquaintances were seated, with a slight toss of her pretty head, as if to say:— "See what a fine beau I have caught!"

This was permissible,– so thought Mrs. Fresco, for he was indeed handsome. But what an eye he had, and how it glittered!

Though his features were about as perfect as a man's could be, there was an expression behind them, which the present close observer was not certain whether she liked or not.

Was it because she was prejudiced? Let us wait and see.

"Strange to say," reasoned the observer, "I have seen that face

before, somewhere. If his thick beard and moustache did not hide the lower part of the face, I could get the full expression."

"Have you been to the Theatre?" asked Mrs. Fresco, as Miss Callie came up to the fire.

"We have been to the Opera, and quite a treat it was. Where are father, grandpa, Miss Gybe and all? Mrs. Fresco, let me introduce my friend, Mr. De Balbao."

They were seated, and the conversation commenced about the Exposition, which unfailing topic seemed to be, at that date, the "open sesame" of all social discourse.

De Balbao was perfectly at home, as they talked, having a little foreign accent, but was rather reticent.

He had an almost imperceptible motion of the eyes, from the corners, which took in every individual in the room, the floor, furniture, ceiling, and they appeared to drink in the conversation all around.

"What has become of Mr. Clearview, Mrs. Fresco? I have not seen him for several days. Has he gone away?" asked Miss Callie, as the conversation lulled.

"He was in the parlor to-night, and went out some time ago," answered she.

The young lady had a little scheme in her head, and continued:— "I thought he must have gone away. If you meet him to-morrow, please say, I would like to see him. Will you?"

"With pleasure," said Mrs. Fresco.

De Balbao turned to Miss Callie with an indifferent air, and asked:— "Who is this Mr. Clearview? He must be a great beau, for I hear of him so often, at the places of resort and in society."

"Oh, he is only a man,— a New York lawyer," replied she, with a coquettish look. Wait until you see him!"

"Mr. Clearview is so nice. He gives the handsomest Germans every year; is so kind, gallant and *distingué*,— not *ordinary* like some young men— and is a great favorite with the young ladies," chimed in Mrs. Clairo, in her effusive style.

De Balbao only made this remark, with unchanged countenance:— "I would like to meet him."

"We are all going to devote most of our time to the Government Building, to-morrow, Mr. De Balbao, and I would like to have you join us," said Miss Callie, as Mrs. Fresco and several other ladies were about to retire.

"I cannot be there, in the morning, but would be most happy to join you somewhere in the afternoon, if I could know where to come," replied he.

"We will go to hear the Mexican Band, in the Main Building, where the great Organ is, at three o'clock. Can you come there?" said she.

"That will just suit me," answered he, and they all bade each other good-night.

When Mrs. Fresco had parted from the other ladies, a smile overspread her face, as she said to herself:— "I am so glad he is handsome, and loves her!"

CHAPTER V.

"Hello, Clearview!" exclaimed a voice behind that gentleman, as he walked rapidly along St. Charles Street.

Turning suddenly, his hand was grasped by a young friend from Chicago, and he replied:— "Is that you, Bowlder? I thought you were a thousand miles away from here! When did you come South? I am real glad to see you!"

"Oh, I came yesterday," answered he. "Did you think I could resist the temptation to come South, and to see this Mammoth display?"

They talked a moment, and were about to walk on, when another young man stepped up in front of them with a smile, holding out his hand and saying:— "Why Clearview! this is quite a treat!"

The new comer, who was a New Orleans man, was introduced to Bowlder, and they walked together.

"Askew," said Clearview, to his new friend, "you had better not say anything to Bowlder about the excellence of your city, for the people of Chicago think that every other place is but a suburb of theirs."

"This is a little to hard," replied the Chicago man, "but who would think it?— here comes Dunning!"

"Why, how do you do Dunning!" exclaimed Clearview and Bowlder.

"The last time I saw you both, was at Bar Harbor," said the one addressed, shaking hands.

"Do you recollect the evening we saw Blaine there, and had such a hot debate over the coming election?"

The speaker was a Boston man, and a Republican. They all stood talking together for some time, until the New Orleans man said:— "Clearview, I would like to take you all up to the Boston Club. It ought to be pleasant to a Bostonian, and I am sure there are fellows there whom you know. Come!"

The kind invitation was declined, for that day, as they all had engagements, and the native bade them good bye, hoping to have the opportunity some other time.

It was one o'clock, and the remaining three were debating as to the best way for them to meet again, when some one from behind touched Clearview on the shoulder, saying:— "Let me see you a moment!"

It was Mr. Clairo Jr., who stepped aside with him, continuing:— "The ladies are going out to the Government Building, today, and told me, if I saw you, that they would like to have you go along with them.

"What has become of you, and why did you leave our Hotel?"

He answered:— "A friend of mine, bachelor like myself, wanted me to stay with him; which I am doing."

"Well, I am glad you are not going home yet. Can you come along now? They are over on Canal Street, buying some trifles. Come?"

Mr. Clairo really liked Clearview, and thought what a nice son-in-law he would make; but he had never said anything to any one, about his preferences, leaving, as he often expressed himself about such matters, the women to attend to their own affairs.

They had reached Canal Street, and were about to turn the corner, when the whole party was met coming toward them.

"Where are you going?" said Mr. Clairo.

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Clairo; drawing a deep breath, "we got so tired waiting for you, it was thought best to go to the hotel, where you would likely be.

"There was such a crowd of negroes and *ordinary* people jostling us all the time, that it made me real sick."

"Mother, you have quite forgotten to speak to Mr. Clearview, in your horror of 'ordinary people'", said Miss Callie in a low tone, as she stood behind her. But he was very able to take care of himself, and had passed around the others to Mrs. Fresco, who took him a little to one side, in order to say something.

"Did you get my note last—" Before the sentence was finished, there was a perfect stampede of men, women and children, around them, and a grand rush to get out of the way of something coming.

A fire engine, the horses of which had become entirely unmanageable, was right among them, and the animals were rearing and plunging in every direction.

Mrs. Fresco was swept away by the crowd, before he knew it, and most of the party were jammed up against the wall.

But there was one of them, right near him, on the edge of the sidewalk, holding on to a man's shoulder, who was trying to push her off, and it appeared as if the horses, in their next plunge, would crush her down beneath their feet.

It was Mobilia. Clearview was not a very robust man, but he had a great deal of nervous strength, which serves such persons in emergencies.

By a powerful effort, he forced two men aside, passed his arm about her, and drew her into the crowd just in time; for several

were badly hurt a moment later;— but if he should live a hundred years, a look could not be forgotten, given him from those lustrous dark eyes, the short moment she was in his arms.

In the confusion, no one noticed this little act, and directly, when the engine had passed, they found Mrs. Clairo, Miss Callie, Alice and Miss Gybe all huddled together up against the wall, with consternation in their faces.

"Oh, Mr. Clearview! Where are they all? Where are father, Mrs. Fresco and Mobilia?" cried out Miss Callie.

"I suggest," said he, "that you all take that empty street car, over there, and wait until the crowd disperses!"

They were soon in one of the long line of cars, collected near Clay's Statue.

Though anxious about Mrs. Fresco and Mr. Clairo, it was concluded that they were safe; for both were seen very near each other, being swept out of harm's way by the crowd, when the first alarm was given, before the engine came up. Mrs. Clairo was troubled about them anyhow, and insisted upon going to the hotel, where she knew they would be.

Clearview's hat had been badly crushed out of shape, and his pantaloons soiled.

Said he:— "I must go to my rooms for a change, and will meet you all at the Exposition. Where shall I come, and at what time, Miss Callie?"

"We will be at the Music Hall, on the right hand side, facing the organ, somewhere, at three o'clock," said she, as he bowed and stepped out of the car.

When the party reached the hotel, Mrs. Clairo found a note from Mrs. Fresco, which read:—

"We could not find you in the crowd, and so came back home.

"Your husband has gone to look for you again, and I will meet you all at the appointed place.

C. F."

"Let us leave word for father, that we are all right, and go on out to the Exposition. It is two o'clock now, and if we do not

hurry, the music will not be heard. It takes almost an hour to get out there," exclaimed Miss Callie.

To this they all agreed, and, in a few moments, after having arranged their dress, they were met again in Mrs. Clairo's private parlor.

"Now Mobilia! You and Alice had better not go; for she will get so tired," said Miss Callie, with a petulant glance at the nurse.

The nurse said nothing, but looked at Mrs. Clairo, and Alice began to cry.

That look of the former had a strange, constrained haughtiness about it,— latent and apparently unconscious.

"I am afraid you will, dear," continued the child's mother, stooping down to comfort her.

Miss Gybe, who was generally cross and cynical to children, interceded this time, and it was concluded that they should go, much to her sister's annoyance.

CHAPTER VI.

"Here he is, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Clairo, as the party walked down the center aisle of the Music Hall, in the Main Building, looking for seats among the chairs, on the right hand side.

It was Mr. De Balbao, of whom she spoke, who greeted them, and rendered assistance in finding places for all.

"Have you seen Mrs. Fresco, Mr. Clairo Jr., or Mr. Clearview, any where, Mr. De Balbao?" asked Miss Gybe of that gentleman.

"The first two, Miss, I have not, and have not had the pleasure of meeting the last, yet," answered he, as his eyes passed in a quick glance from the interlocutor to Miss Callie.

"They promised to meet us here," said that young lady, indifferently.

The Mexican Band then began to play the National Airs, (encored heartily after each one) such as,— "Dixey," "Yankee Doodle," "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Marsellaise Hymn," "Watch on the Rhine," "Blue Bells of Scotland," etc.

"How beautifully they make their Crescendos and Diminuendos, and what excellant time they keep!" exclaimed Miss Callie, clapping her pretty hands.

Even Alice applauded.

"But did you ever see such a variety of color, among them? There are types of the highest Caucasian, while the shade and physiognomy even go down to the negro.

"I did not think that the Mexicans were capable of such excellence, and if this collection were met at any other place, without their instruments, judging from their appearance, I would say that they never could make such music or attain to any high art," said Miss Gybe.

This remark was made during the intermission, and no one was surprised at it; for the lady was noted for being a critic, and she had the capability to say very cutting and severe things, when so disposed.

"Here is Papa!" said Alice, as her father came to her side.

There was no room on the row where the party was sitting, Mr. De Balbao occupying the end chair, next to the middle aisle, and Mr. Clairo took his seat beside Alice just in front of the foreigner.

"I am the last of the party, as usual," said the familiar voice of Clearview, as he came up from behind to the side of Alice, who was on the end seat, and carefully passed her and Mr. Clairo Jr. for a chair.

The crowd was pushing up the aisle, almost forcing people into the laps of those sitting down nearest it, on both sides.

Touching Clearview with his left hand, and reaching to De Balbao with his right, Mr. Clairo said, in his best tone:— "Mr. De Balbao, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Clearview."

The eyes of the two men met, and they both sprang to their feet, giving vent to exclamations, showing far different feelings.

Clearview almost yelled:— "The accursed De Balbao! Villain, you shall die this time!" drawing a pistol and cocking it.

De Balbao's was that of surprise and self-protection; but there

was no fear in his tone, and he replied:— "John Morton! Come on John Morton!"

Mr. Clairo seized Clearview's arm and forced him back down the aisle, exclaiming:— "Hold, Clearview! Hold gentlemen! You both are my guests and in the presence of ladies!"

The ladies around were screaming, all trying to get out, and quite a scene was about to be enacted, when Clearview replaced his weapon, whispered a word to Mr. Clairo, seized his hat and forced his way to the right hand aisle.

He passed one, standing by his side, who gazed at him with a look, which could be that of a guardian spirit.

De Balbao immediately put up his jewel-hilted dirk and took a seat as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fresco earnestly, of Miss Gybe, who was standing out in the aisle.

"Mr. Clearview and the foreigner have had a difficulty!" whispered the maiden lady.

"Too late! too late!" moaned Mrs. Fresco. "Where is he? Was he hurt?"

"Neither was hurt, for Mr. Clairo parted them, and Clearview left, taking French leave. Why do you say:— 'too late!'? You could not have done anything with the two men," said the other.

"Oh, yes! I could have prevented it. I tried to find you all and could not. Where are they all?" continued the married lady.

"See Mobilia, standing over there? they are just beyond."

When Miss Gybe had finished, the two ladies joined their party, and Miss Callie realized how disastrous might have been the results of her little scheme.

Where he wandered, Clearview did not know; for, in his excitement no thought was taken as to direction; but when he came to his senses, found himself in one of those quiet spots in the Government Building, surrounded almost entirely by exhibits of the Cereals.

Here, seated on a bench, left to rest the fatigued sightseer, he

began to calm his excited feelings, and collect the thoughts of the present.

"Oh! this world of trouble!" were the words of a voice near him, and, turning, he saw a part of the body of a grey-headed man, seated on a block of wood, just on the other side of an immense sheaf of grain.

"The waves of trouble harmonize, and make the music of sympathy," said Clearview, "and I will speak to him."

Stepping up to the sheaf, he accosted the old man in these words:—

"Your sigh, sir, has a reëcho in my soul. Maybe we can condole with each other. Can I come around and sit with you?"

"Certainly!" said he, seeing it was a kind face looking down on him, and moving an object, that looked like a covered box, from the block of wood, to offer a seat.

"This is a grand display, my young friend," exclaimed the old man, as he attempted to smooth out his worn garments, "but with the millions of money spent and thrown away here, how many of the poor and unfortunate could be benefitted!"

Clearview took his seat and looked at him, concluding that the man must be a philosopher of the Diogenes School.

"Do you look at it from *your* stand point, or that of the world? There are always two sides to a question."

"I suppose it must be from my own, and, as my life has been one of trouble, a dark shade is apt to be thrown upon the actions of all others," replied the new acquaintance.

"You should recollect that you are only one among millions, who require the attention of the world, and must not expect it to single you out in its beneficence, unless your worth can give value received. What have you done for humanity? Society always allows its *quid pro quo*, sooner or later," continued Clearview.

The man looked at him with a sort of searching look, and then his dark eyes lit up with a peculiar fire, as he said earnestly, trembling all over with excitement:— "Sir, I have labored twenty years, depriving myself often the necessaries of life, to fathom a problem

for humanity's sake, and it is at last accomplished!"

"Suffering seems to be the concomitant of all true greatness, my friend, and you have undergone, to achieve it, what many others have before you; but are you certain that your efforts have not amounted to chasing a will-o'-the-wisp? This has been the case with thousands," remarked the young man; for he began to weigh the other as a sort of half demented person.

"The proof of my assertion is in this box!" exclaimed the other, striking the covered object with the palm of his hand, and hastily uncovering it.

"What have you there? Is it some invention or discovery?" asked Clearview.

"Yes, and I will show it to you!"

He lifted the dark lid on the top, which swung on hinges, and told the young man to look in.

Clearview saw a great number of delicate cords, wires and other material, interwoven together, forming an *ensemble* of wonderful and intricate mechanism.

"I see something," said he, "but am none the wiser for looking at it. What are its values?"

"By this little instrument," answered the old man, "the thoughts of any one in its presence, when open, will be caught and recorded."

Clearview started to his feet, as if thunderstruck, exclaiming:— "I do not believe it!"

"Well, you can try it," continued the other. "Wait a moment until no one else is near, so there will not be conflicting thoughts, and then, when you put your head over the Mensicap, (that is what I call it,) think a sentence and I will immediately tell you your thought.

The lawyer gazed a long time at the old man, in astonishment, and had to be interrupted by him, who said:— "Well, will you try?"

"Certainly I will; but wish to tell you that if what you say is

true, a most remarkable discovery has been made; and you *deserve* a fortune."

The lid of the box was closed for a moment, until no one appeared to be walking near; then Clearview was bidden to put his head over the mechanism and think a sentence.

"I have done it," said he, looking up to the old man, who stood behind him.

The inventor closed the top lid and went to the other side, letting down another which made up the lower half of the rear, and worked on hinges. After gazing steadily at it a moment, and touching something a number of times with his fingers, he then said to his companion:— "Come here! are you certain as to the sentence you thought?"

Clearview claimed that he was.

"Then see if that is not it?" said he.

Upon a scroll of paper, which turned, our friend saw written plainly, really the exact sentence which he had chosen:— "I wonder where that villian, De Balbao is, now!"

He caught the old man by the hand and exclaimed:— "It is wonderful! Your fortune is made!"

A smile overspread the other's features, as he remarked:—

"Would you like to try again?"

It occured to our young friend that the man might have been a witness to the difficulty between himself and De Balbao; so he concluded to try the instrument once more.

The same movements were gone through with, and the thought recorded, read, in the sentence:— "I wonder what my partner is doing in New York."

"What is your name? and can you explain the workings to me?" asked Clearview.

"William Futuria is my name; but I cannot tell you the secrets of my invention.

"However, as you seem to take an interest in me, I will let you know some of the first principles upon which it is based.

"This appears to be a very wonderful invention, and will create a great excitement in the world; but no more so *now* than an exhibition of the telegraph, phonograph, telephone, electric light, and other comparatively recent discoveries would have created in the last century.

"Every thought of the human mind has its characteristic effect, resulting in motion of some kind, in the body.

"This motion, even though it be imperceptible, has its characteristic effects on the air, or atmosphere, surrounding the person, and is conveyed by it to my instrument in impressions.

"Though no one else can do so, by a long course of deep study and observation, I can translate these impressions into written language.

"There are many other secrets in regard to it, which I cannot tell."

"How remarkable!" said Clearview. "Your first step should be to get a patent for it."

"If I can get any one to help me, I will go to Washington at once; but there is scarcely enough money about me now to get a good meal, replied Futuria.

"I will help you. Come into town with me now, and to-morrow we will make some arrangements."

Futuria shouldered his box and followed Clearview to the cars, who paid his fare, and after a good ride they stood at the door of the Hotel Royal.

"It is too late now, but to-morrow you shall have a new suit of clothes, to make you presentable. Here are a couple of dollars, to get something to eat and a night's lodging. Come here at eleven in the morning. Speak to the porters when you come.

"I will ask them to be on the look out. It is useless for me to tell you to take care of that precious box, upon which twenty years of your life has been spent. Good-night!"

When Clearview had said this he shook hands with the old man and went in.

"Any letters?" asked he of the clerk at the desk.

"There is a note, that came in the middle of last night. It was sent up to your room, but you were not there," answered the young man. The note read:—

"Midnight.

"I did not retire, as you suggested. Your rival came in with Miss Callie. An arrangement has been made for him to meet us at three o'clock, to-morrow, where the Mexican Band plays.

"She enquired about you, and asked me to tell you, she would like to see you.

"I thought best to give this information, which accept from

"Your friend,

"C. F."

"Bless her! all the trouble of this day might have been averted, had I called for my mail in the morning," were the words he muttered, going in to dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

"Mobilia," said Mrs. Clario, coming from the bedroom into the private sitting-room, where Alice was playing beside the nurse, on the floor, "I wish you would take this paper down to the parlor, hand it to Miss Callie and tell her there is a notice of marriage in it, which she would like to see.

"Go by her room also, and tell her maid that I want her, at once!"

Mobilia took the paper and started out of the room, and Alice cried:— "I want to go too!"

"Well, *go* then," said her mother.

When the door was closed behind her, Mrs. Clairo went to the window and exclaimed, with a sigh:— "The child loves her, now, better than she does me! Callie hates her, without knowing who she is! Harry is getting more and more in love with her every day — Oh, what *shall* we do! All of this is the result of sin!"

Mobilia took the child in her arms and started for the main staircase.

"I *did* want to go with you, Lovey!" said Alice, caressing the cheeks of her nurse.

The latter pressed the little flaxen head down upon her breast and kissed its sweet mouth, while a tear, for some reason, stole over the rich colored cheek.

Miss Callie was sitting among a group of friends, and was quietly handed the paper by the nurse, who had entered, leading her little sister by the hand.

"Who is she?" asked an old lady of her middle aged companion, seated on a sofa near by, as Mobilia left the room.

"She walks like an empress, and yet what a soul there is in her eyes!" replied the other.

"She is beautiful. I know Miss Clairo, and am going over to ask her name," said the first, rising and approaching Miss Callie.

"Tell me who that lady is, please, who just went out with the child. Is she any relation of yours?"

"Relation!" exclaimed Miss Callie, in an indignant tone, "I should say not! Why, she is only a mulatto girl, that my father got in the North to nurse Alice!" She supplemented these exclamations with a hard affected, laugh.

The old lady bit her lips, apologized and returned to her companion, much to the pity of most of those whom she had just left.

It was a damp, rainy and sloppy day out; just such an one as February can produce in the South.

"What do you all propose to do?" asked Miss Rosamonde, as she stepped to the window and looked out.

This young lady was a rival belle in society, at home, with Miss Callie, and she often had had cause to fear her.

"Where have you been, since your visit here? Sit down and recount your adventures," remarked Miss Gybe.

"Well, I will; but you all must do the same."

They all agreed, and she continued: — "Let me see: — I have

been to the Exposition, of course, in all sorts of ways, namely,— by Steamboat, at foot of Canal Street; by steam cars, by Prytania, Magazine, Coliseum, and every other street line, I believe.

"Sunday, we went to the French Market, early, before breakfast, and it is the dirtiest place I ever saw. How any one can eat there is more than we could see; for it looks as if everything, even the mixed population, had been thrown together, rolled over each other with what they had to sell, and thoroughly mixed."

All the party laughed at this remark.

"Then we visited, for a short while, the St. Louis Cathedral, opposite Jackson Square, and stayed clear through service at Christ Church.

"At night, Dr. Palmer, the great Presbyterian preacher, was heard and enjoyed. Now, was that not good work for Sunday?"

"Have you seen any of the Cemeteries?" asked one of the company.

"Yes, but wait a minute and let me finish my story," continued Miss Rosamonde.

"Next day, in the morning, the party went to the Custom House, and all took lunch at the Woman's Exchange, where as good a meal as we get here was furnished for about half price. I believe it was on Bourbon Street.

"Some of my friends divided off and took in the United States Mint and the Cotton Exchange.

"They reported that the Exchange is the finest in the country, and the ceiling is beautiful.

"Now about the Cemeteries:— Knowing that New Orleans is built on a marsh; that portions of it are below the river, and hearing remarks to the effect, water can be reached by digging two or three feet, I felt a sort of horror in going to the graveyards here, lest a skeleton should put his head out at me."

Part of the listeners laughed, and the others shuddered.

"But," continued she, "the others would go, and we found the resting places of the dead were vaults, or cells, seven to eight feet high.

"I am convinced, after seeing all this, that we should all be burnt up, and Cremation universally adopted. No wonder New Orleans has Yellow Fever, or any other disease.

"To-morrow, if it is a good day, we want to take a trip down the Mississippi to the Jetties."

"You have not told us what was seen at the Exposition Building," said Miss Callie, as she appeared to want to stop.

"I will tell you one thing, which afforded more pleasure than anything else," continued Miss Rosamonde, "that was a baby!"

"A baby!" exclaimed several. "Yes; after wandering all day among the unattractive crowd, we came across a quiet place where a real *young* man was seated, and he had the most beautiful baby in his arms.

Several ladies had stopped, were carressing it, and I wanted to take it in *my* arms; but the man seemed afraid to allow me.

" 'Let her take it, Henry,' said his black haired wife, in a sweet voice, and an old lady, who was no doubt the grandmother, placed it in my arms.

"I almost wanted to steal that baby; but had to give it back to the young man's wife, whom he called— Florence.

"The baby's name was Florence, too."

"How sweet!" said several.

"Now, Miss Gybe, I have entertained you all enough with my adventures; let us hear yours," and the young lady ceased.

"It is likely, I cannot tell you anything but what has been seen and read of a number of times; however, as it is desired, I will try to call to mind those things that served to interest me," said Miss Gybe.

"The first thing of interest, in the Main Building, was a little pony, about the size of a large dog, which was led along past the great Lump of Silver, from Mexico, and I thought how nice it would be to have such little fellows in Central Park, to draw the children, instead of goats; but children are so bad and noisy they do not deserve such pretty animals.

"Strolling along, an illustration of Cock Robin's Story, and the rendezvous for members of the Chatauqua Literary Society were noticed. The great 'Willimantic' exhibit, also struck our attention.

"We saw cloth made, from the raw material, all through its different processes, thread, thimbles, and silk.

"Why the United States should want to protect the manufacturies to such a degree, when they have acquired such proficiency, I cannot see.

"Some of the medals and mottoes offered for sale, near there, were very pretty.

"I thought what a beautiful little town Pullman, Illinois must be, if the model laid out for exhibition were correct.

"The display of drugs, wines and whiskies, though I have very little use for any of them, must say they were very beautifully arranged; and it reminded me of that quotation:— 'Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien,' etc.

"I stood some time looking at the United States' exhibit of the Zuni Indians' region, and saw an illustration in the Fish Hatching Car, of what I had often read.

"Who could ever believe that such large monsters as the Mammoth Elephant, a fac simile of which stands in the gallery over the entrance to the Government Building, could ever exist!

"The Falls of Minnehaha, the Old Cotton Man and Wife, the large Balloon, and a thousand other things in the Government Building were enjoyed.

"Oh, girls, you must excuse me from telling any more, for I am confused at what I did see."

"I have just come too late," said Mrs. Fresco, having entered quietly and now stood with her hand softly on Miss Gybe's shoulder.

"Sit down, Mrs. Fresco, it is your turn now! We have been telling our adventures, while here, to pass away this dreadful day. Can you not tell us something new?" exclaimed Miss Callie.

"Oh, no! replied she, "I do not know anything, and if I did, would not attempt to entertain after Miss Gybe."

"When do you think of going back to Philadelphia, Miss Clairo?" asked a young lady.

"Our movements depend upon grandfather. He got tired of so much display, and it did not agree with him here; so he went to Jacksonville, Florida, where we shall join him after Mardi Gras, before leaving for home," answered Miss Callie.

"Did he go over there alone?" asked another.

"Oh, no; he took his valet with him."

"I will tell you something new, I have heard, Callie!" said Miss Rosamonde.

"I heard last night at the Theatre, which was not believed, from one of my gentlemen friends that two of your admirers, Mr. Clearview and the Spanish lord, are about to have a duel over you; and further, that they did have a serious difficulty, yesterday, in the Exhibition Building. He said the gentlemen are talking about it at the Clubs, and the ladies in society; in fact, it is all over town!

"Is that so?"

It was the intention of that young lady to annoy Miss Callie, for she was envious of the attentions of two such fine beaux. Often had she tried to ensnare Clearview, and for a while to some effect; but her rival had gotten the advantage.

There was about a dozen sitting about, in the company, and the question proved very embarrassing to Miss Callie, who colored deeply and could not answer for a moment.

She would have denied the assertion of having already caused a difficulty; but there were two witnesses present; and had to confess to herself that her little scheme had brought the two men together. This was all she could say, in her vexation:—

"I wish men would not tell such disagreeable stories!"

"I am sure," continued Miss Rosamonde, "there would be nothing more complimentary to *me*, than to have two men fight a duel over me; but such things do not often happen in these prosaic days.

"That is the reason why I prefer Southern men to Northern; because they have so much chivalry, dash and fire about them.

"Their brethren of the North, when they get into trouble over a woman, ensconce themselves under the protecting wing of the law, put their heads out between the feathers and make faces at each other; but the Southerners settle it among themselves!"

"A duel was a very frequent occurrence, in the South, before the War," said an old lady.

"What war?" asked an innocent looking, rosy cheeked Yankee girl.

The old lady started, and then remembered, a whole generation had sprung up since those dreadful days.

"The War between the States, my child!" was the answer, as she looked around sadly to the elder members of the party.

"This young man told me also, that you and the Spaniard are to be married soon?" continued Miss Callie's aggravator, in an innocent, inquiring tone.

"It is true there was a difficulty; but Mr. Clearview was the aggressor," said Miss Gybe, in a slightly cynical tone.

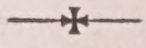
Mrs. Fresco started to say something, but restrained herself.

"Of the two, I would much prefer Mr. Clearview. I think he is the most fascinating man I ever saw." In saying this Miss Rosamonde had an object.

"I wonder if the rain will hold up enough to let them have the display of fire works to-night, out at the Exposition?" asked Miss Callie of Mrs. Fresco, in order to change the subject.

The conversation became general, confined to small groups, and soon the parlor was almost deserted, for the guests retired to their rooms to prepare for lunch.

CHAPTER VIII.



It was late when Clearview awoke, the morning after his encounter with Futuria, and looking at his watch at the side of the

bed, he arose quickly, dressed, and was soon down to the breakfast table.

The Bill of Fare, *á la carte*, was opened and looked over three times, and our friend had not selected anything from the list for his breakfast; in fact, he did not see the articles, for the print resolved itself into eyes, forehead, hair, mouth and other features of the feminine face.

But of the three faces, that came and went, one from which a pair of deep dark eyes shone, stayed the longest.

His breakfast must be ordered though, and calling out the articles to the waiter, he relapsed back again into reverie, saying:— "How the foundation of my plans for the future has been changed!"

Eleven o'clock came, and Clearview paced the long corridor from the dining room to the parlor, waiting for the porter to bring word of Futuria's arrival.

Great interest had been created by the old man and his invention, and his new friend had laid out a plan of action to make use of it, in order to realize the profits which it deserved.

But Futuria was never seen or heard of again, though a New York lawyer attempted by advertising and other ways to find him.

Clearview's patience was exhausted by one o'clock, and he left his hotel with the intention of calling on Mrs. Fresco.

Luck seemed to be against him, for in answer to his card, the clerk at the St. Charles said she was not in, and nothing remained for him to do, but what everybody else seemed to be doing,– to take the car for the Exposition.

Strolling listlessly around the Main Building, for once he went a long distance without meeting anyone he knew. Yes, there was someone, in the Restaurant, behind the large organ.

It was Mobilia and Alice, taking a light lunch.

He entered, spoke to them, and took the child's hand. The nurse's dark eyes rose to meet his, and then sank to his feet.

"I believe I will take a glass of milk and a sandwich; for it is about time for me to eat," said he, sitting down by the side of

Alice, while these thoughts entered his head like a flash:— "It is not wise for me to sit and talk to Mrs. Glairo's nurse.

"It is true that those who are not acquainted with us would not know; but those who *are* would put a wrong construction on it.

"I will appear to talk to the child, though, mostly."

Said he:— "Do you like to be here, Mobilia? Is it more pleasant to you than being at home?"

"The world is a study to me, and full of music. Sometimes its minor chords permeate everything, and all is sad wherever I am, and sometimes the reverse is produced, by its joyful notes; but I have no home."

He was struck by the softness of her voice and the purity of her language.

"I want to talk to you, Mobilia; will you do me a favor?" said he, seeing they had finished and were about to leave.

She gave him a quick glance, hesitated, and then said:— "Yes, if I can."

"You may not know it, but I have taken an interest in you, and would like to know something of your life," continued he.

"What interest can a man, who occupies the social position that you do, take in a person of mine, Mr. Clearview?" replied she.

"Well, I do. Can you trust me?" exclaimed he, in a deep tone, looking at her earnestly.

"Yes," she said, with a sigh, and looking down.

"Listen, Mobilia! Will you meet me in the gallery of the Government Building, where few people go, and where there is little likelihood of anyone who knows us witnessing our conversation?

"This may be the only chance that I ever will have to talk with you."

She looked away a moment, in thought, and then answered him:— "I will! When shall it be?"

"Go to the large elephant, and I will come as soon as my lunch is finished."

The only answer to this request, as she took the child's hand,

was:— "Well," and her graceful form became lost among the exhibits.

Clearview had not enjoyed a meal for a week, for some reason, and little did he relish the food now before him.

At the appointed place he found them, the only difference in the appearance of either being that Alice had a great number of pretty colored advertisement cards, picked up on the way from the hands of exhibitors, and had encumbered her nurse with many more.

There were long stretches of the gallery with few exhibits, and a good deal of space entirely unoccupied.

They soon found a bench in one of these quiet places.

"You said, Mobilia, that you have no home. How is this? Do you not live with Mr. Clairo, in Philadelphia?" asked he.

"I have only lived with him, and nursed Alice about two years," replied she.

"Where did you live before that, and who were your parents?" continued he.

"I lived on Lake Winnipesaukie, far up in New England, but do not know who my parents are," answered she.

"Do tell me your history, Mobilia! Tell me all you know and can recollect!" his voice trembled a little.

"My earliest recollections were of travelling on the water; then everything became associated with my old home, and the only parent I ever had, Miss Domaine.

"This lady was father and mother, brother and sister to me; for she had no relations and neither did I." Here she ceased for a moment and wiped her eyes.

"How beautifully the little village nestled at the end of the Lake! Our cottage, in the suburbs, overhung the water.

"Many an hour have I spent in my little boat, rowing alone, or with Auntie. This is what Miss Domaine taught me to call her.

"When I was quite small, the neighbors used to come in and ask about me; but Auntie would always change the subject, and never

give them any satisfaction; in fact, though I importuned her in later years to tell me who I was, no information could be obtained except that I was not a relation of hers.

"She would not let me play or go to school with the other children, but I was kept at home and given far better instruction than could be had at the village school.

"Auntie avoided the subject of her early life also; but once, when I was playing at the end of our garden, though quite small, the conversation of two neighbors was heard, on the other side of the fence. It was to this effect:—

"Miss Domaine was the only child of a Pennsylvania gentleman of wealth. She wished to marry a man, to whom her father had great objections, and being prevented, left home secretly. They saw me then and moved out of hearing."

CHAPTER IX.

Mobilia continued:— "Auntie not only taught me the necessary housework of a New England girl, but insisted upon giving me the accomplishments of a lady. Assiduously she instructed me in French, German and Music; being a thorough scholar in all of these, and somewhat proficient in Painting.

"Though we did all of our own housework, she never appeared to need any money.

"Every now and then letters and packages would come to her, and I suspected that her means came from that source.

"There was an old Irishman who staid on the place and took care of the cows and barnyard.

"Auntie, though kind and polite, would not mingle with the people in the neighborhood. I was not allowed to skate with the boys in the Winter, nor participate in the Summer games of children.

"In the time of year, when Nature gives its bounty to the world, we used to tread the green carpet laid for us to promenade

on, and when our work was finished, sit for hours, with book and paper, under the shady foliage, hid from the unpleasant stare of the King of Day.

"She was a beautiful conversationalist, and would discourse in her quiet way, about the world, dropping from those blessed lips the fragrance of information's full-blown rose, and I understood, because the bud-leaves had been inhaled from my study.

"I used to be very inquisitive for a time, but soon learned to know Auntie. When my question was not welcome, she would put her kind hand upon my head, or shoulder, and look at me quietly. Then I would say no more.

"The enjoyments of indoor life equalled those of the open air; for, in Winter time, our leisure hours were taken up with music, books and painting.

"We heard no great concerts or operas; but the sunbeams beat time, and there was cadence in the wind.

"There were no great orators, statesmen nor preachers there; but the eloquence of Nature started the train of thought, and sounds were modulated from the high notes of birds to the masculine tones of thunder.

"We saw no poets; but the waiving grain was our Rythmetic verse, the sheaves our stanzas, and the whole fields our poem.

"No; artists and their works sought not our humble sphere; but could we not dip the brushes of our imaginations in the rainbow tints, and create pictures as beautiful as any in the Louvre?

"In the day, I used to look from our little porch upward, to see the Summer sky draw up its fleecy arms and kiss its hands to me.

"At night, the stars would dip their diamond fingers in the Lake, after the fishes, withdrew them quickly and rush like frightened children behind their curtains!"

Clearview had seen many a fair face and form, but never before, thought he, was there a picture of loveliness equal to the woman before him.

Her head was thrown back a little; the face was rosy with excitement, and the eyes swam in lustre, appearing to absorb the

beautiful in all nature, and to give it back to the listener.

She had been looking beyond him, and appeared to see the picture described; but now, as her eyes met his, they drooped with the head, while it appeared to him as if the voice, in its sweet richness, had passed like the zephyr, dying away in the distant forest.

"Oh, Mobilia, how beautiful you are!" exclaimed he, moving closer and taking her hand. She gently withdrew it, motioning to some one coming.

"How can Miss Callie and others say that you are a mulatto!" continued he.

Her face immediately took a haughty and indignant look; then it faded away into the old quiet expression.

"I will continue," said she. "On Sundays, Auntie usually took me to service with her, and we occupied a pew to ourselves most of the time.

"One day we were early, and she, for some reason, had to go out. I was told to remain, and that she would be back in a few minutes.

"While absent, two very stylish and well dressed ladies came in and took their seats just behind me.

"They appeared to scrutinize me very closely, and I heard one say:— 'I have noticed her several times, since being here. She is entirely out of her latitude, and I reckon must be the daughter of some rich Southerner, by a mulatto or quadroon. When are you going back to New Orleans?'

"These were the words they said, just before Auntie came in and interrupted their conversation.

"When we reached home, I mentioned those remarks, and asked her what was meant; of course I did not understand, being only about twelve years old.

"Never will my dearest friend's expression be forgotten; for she exclaimed indignantly:—

"'Southern Aristocracy! You are no more of a mulatto than she is! My child, there is not a drop of negro blood in your veins!'"

Clearview sprang to his feet, and then sat down again, saying:– "Go on, please."

She continued:— "I did not understand the opprobrium attached to such a condition, then; but now, especially since visiting *this* region, how unhappy I would be if there were any foundation for that thought.

"Little comfort there would be to the lover of the real, pure and beautiful, of a good form and healthy appearance, to view himself or herself, knowing that there are the seeds of a loathesome disease in the system, which may appear at any time.

"So I would feel, if among the pure Caucasian particles of my blood were mingled the servile, giving a neutralizing, low and downward tendency to the intellect, whose infinite upward flights have for their pinions the pure concentrated fluid of Japheth."

"When did you leave Miss Domaine?" asked Clearview.

"Well, let me continue," answered she. "Auntie used to receive letters from somebody, frequently. Benjamin, our hired man, who was a little deaf, used to bring them from the Post Office; and when read, they were put in an iron box, that Auntie kept locked up in a small closet of her room.

"She always read them alone, and I never saw one; but the box was seen several times, at a short distance off. It was marked on the end with a large – 'B.'

"Her custom was to have me retire, at night, first. My room was next to hers, and opened into it.

"Two or three times, when a child, I have waked up in the middle of the night, at the low hum of voices in the sitting room adjoining mine, and strange to say, the door in that direction and that to Auntie's room were both locked when I got up to see what was the cause.

"Upon calling out to her, she would answer:— 'Go to bed, dear, I am writing!' 'But why do you lock the door?' I would say, and the reply would be:— 'I cannot tell you now; go to bed!'

"I loved her, and would obey; but it seemed that the voice of a man would soon be heard, talking in a low tone.

"When my fifteenth birthday had almost come, I noticed that Auntie became very sad and dejected,– looking at me in such a way that I would put my arms about her neck, kiss her and ask her what was the matter.

"This only would be answered by caresses and a few tears.

"On one day, she appeared to be particularly so, and when I would seem to notice it, would get up and go out for a few moments.

"That night we retired early; but I waked at a noise that had been heard several times, in the years past.

"My mind was greatly excited, for fear that something was going wrong with Auntie, so I listened at the keyhole, hearing these words in voice of the same man:—

"'But the understanding was, that you would give her up at the age of fifteen! Have I not paid you well for your services?'

"Auntie was weeping, and replied in an indignant and trembling voice:— 'Paid me well! It is not for your money, but because I wanted something worthy to love, and who would love me.

"'I was wealthy once, sir, more so than you, if anything, and if I had not cared for other things higher than money, would be in that condition now!'

"'My dear woman!' said the man, 'It pains me to see you so much distressed. It cannot be helped; but as you seem to be so wrapped up in her, we will wait three years longer! Good-bye!'

"I heard the door close, and Auntie went back to bed, leaving me to pass the rest of the night in wonder; but trusting in my dear one, who always did everything well."

"Who was the man?" said Clearview.

She continued:— "Little did I know that it was Mr. Clairo Sr., then.

"Three years later, when I was eighteen, he came and took me away.

"I would not go, at first, but Auntie said, she could not keep me any longer, and that I must go with Mr. Clairo Sr., who would care for me.

He treated me very kindly, but always said very little to me. When we reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, I begged him to tell me who I was and let me go back to Auntie.

At this he would nervously leave the room, and I never have spoken to him on the subject since.

Next day, his son, Mrs. Clairo, Miss Callie, Mr. Harry and this blessed child came."

She drew Alice to her, and kissed her soft head, who put the little arms about her neck, looked up at her and said, pathetically:— "What is the matter, Lovey?"

"Go on, and play with your cards, sweetheart," replied she, and continued her story:—

"Mr. Clairo Sr. told me his son would inform me as to my future life, who said that I would have to earn my living.

"Alice was given to me to take care of, and never will I regret it. He allows me fifty dollars a month for my services; but little need of money have I, for every expense is paid, except the clothes that I wear.

All the family treat me very well, but Miss Callie. At first she was kind; and it was so for several months, when a change was noticed.

"One day, in Philadelphia, as I entered the sitting room where she was writing a letter, and her grandfather reading, to get a work box for Mrs. Clairo, I stumbled and almost fell over a cushion, moved in the way while my back was turned.

"This shook Miss Callie's writing, and she exclaimed angrily:— 'I wish you would keep out of here! Mulattos should stay where they belong anyhow!'

"I was very angry also, at this, and started to retort, when her grandfather said with feeling:— 'Callie, you are unkind! You must never call her that again, for she is *not* a mulatto!'

"I would have left them, on several disagreeable occasions like this, if it had not been for the love of this sweet child; and then what did I know about the great world, and how to battle with it,– having been raised in a quiet New England spot.

"No real want has ever come to me since entering this family, but I have been very sad sometimes; especially when thinking of Auntie, and about who I am.

"Longings have come over me to be in the meadows; to chase the little lambs; to pick strawberries, as they lie hid in the grass, on the hills; to wander along the rippling brooks, and put my hands in their waters again; to see the chipmonks darting over the stone walls, and searching the woods for food. Often has been the cry: — 'Oh, sweet scenes, come again!'

"I have often written to Auntie, but never received any reply."

"But Mobilia, have you never had any suspicion as to who you really are?" (he did not say that *he* did, especially when Mr. Clairo Sr.'s kindness was mentioned so often.)

"They called me Mobilia Domaine; but I have not the slightest idea who I am!" replied she sadly.

He looked both ways, seeing no one was near, took her hand, leaned over close to her and said in a deep tone: — "Mobilia, I love you!"

"How d'y Mama!" cried Alice, leaning over the railing and waiving her little hand. Mobilia sprang up and went to her side.

"Bring Alice down, Mobilia; I want to show her to the ladies," said the voice of Mrs. Clairo, down below, beneath them.

Clearview had remained back out of sight, and, taking Alice, his companion said with a sigh: — "I must go, now."

He walked along by her side a short distance, and whispered: — "Will you meet me here again, soon?" She replied, without looking at him: — "Sunday, at three o'clock!"

They descended the long staircase, leaving him to gaze after, alone in the distance.

CHAPTER X.

"How do you do, Mr. Clearview?" said Mrs. Clairo, with a stiff bow, as the young man joined them from another direction.

Miss Callie appeared not to see him at all, and she turned away to talk to Miss Gybe, *her* gentleman friend, and some other ladies.

The name of Miss Gybe's friend was Mr. Sudmit. He was an old bachelor of about forty, and a very good looking man; but appeared to be a little timid.

There was a cold atmosphere about their manners, which did not take long for the intuitive nature of the lawyer to fathom.

He knew the scene enacted with De Balbao was the cause of it all; and, to follow his impulses, he would have retired at once, defiantly.

But our young friend was not the one to acknowledge a defeat so quickly. Assuming his usual genial and fascinating air, the ladies, with the exception of Miss Callie, soon admitted him to their conversation, which he skilfully swayed.

The party soon divided, Miss Gybe, her friend, Miss Callie, and others going one way, while Mrs. Clairo with the other ladies, Mobilia and Alice went another.

Clearview joined the last named, and assisted them to the cars.

When Mrs. Clairo and the ladies of her party entered, as many gentlemen let them stand a moment, and then reluctantly offered their seats; but when Mobilia, who was left a little behind, came in, three men instantly arose near her.

The lawyer turned away to smile, and it extended through his whole being.

"What is your name?" asked an old gentleman of Alice, taking her hand in his, as she sat in Mobilia's lap, at his side.

"Alice," she said. "Alice what, my little dear?" enquired he again.

"Alice Clairo," she replied.

"How that man jumps, and how curiously he stares at Alice!" thought Clearview of a large man, who was standing near, just in front of Mobilia.

"Mobilia, let Alice come here," said Mrs. Clairo, the distance of a few seats off.

"That man excites my curiosity; but he must have St.-Vitus's-Dance," said the lawyer again, to himself.

The little girl tried with difficulty, to pass several persons, sitting and standing, when one of the party said:— "Never mind Mrs. Clairo, I can see her another time!"

"I wish that man would quit staring at me so disagreeably!" uttered the lady next to Mrs. Clairo, and who was talking to our young friend.

Clearview leaned over to the man and said in a low tone:— "These ladies find your staring at them very trying. You do not want to make yourself disagreeable, do you?"

"I beg your pardon! – but – I was – well – I will not!" replied the man in an excited way; then he turned his back to them.

When the Clairo party got out at the St. Charles Hotel, this man did the same, and the lawyer saw him watching them from a distance, until they had gone inside, while *he* rode along.

"How impudent!" muttered he.

"How do you do, John Morton!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow, as he walked along Royal Street toward the hotel; and, turning, the hand of Bowlder was grasped, in astonishment.

The other saw him color, and the look of surprise that was on his face. Said he again:— "Did you not know you have a new name?"

"What do you mean?" asked Clearview, trying to smile.

"Well, I mean this, that the Spaniard, whom the ladies call a lord, and whom you started to whip, out at the Exposition, has been telling it all around that your name is John Morton, and not Clearview; besides other disagreeable things," answered he.

A deep frown passed over the face of our friend, who looked at the Chicago man a moment, and then said:— "Come down and take dinner with me, Bowlder, I want to tell you a little story."

The other laughed and replied, putting his hand on the lawyer's shoulder:— "You do not think I believe anything against you, especially from that source, do you?"

"Well, never mind; his slurring remarks deserve attention, and I want your company, anyhow."

"I cannot go this evening," said Bowlder, "for I have to go out with a young lady."

"Oh, yes! I know the one, and a sweet girl she is. Will you come down to-morrow evening, and bring Askew with you?" said Clearview.

The other agreed, and they parted.

Let us follow Mobilia, when she reached the hotel.

Mrs. Clairo proceeded to the parlor with the ladies, and *she* took the elevator. What a sweet quiet smile she had, as the child was led along the hall. Yes, a true smile, which is the reflection from a rejoiced soul.

Oh, nut brown maiden, no one knows the bliss in that heart!

"Come in! said a voice, in answer to her knock at the Sitting Room door. It was that of Harry Clairo, and Mobilia hesitated to enter; but Mrs. Clairo had told her to wait there, for she would be up directly.

Alice pushed open the door and rushed to her brother, saying:— "Oh, brother, we had such a nice time!"

Harry caressed her a little, and then said to Mobilia, who had taken a seat at the other window:— "Where is mother, Mobilia?"

She told him, Alice being in the other room, and then he approached close to her side.

"Mobilia, do you recollect what I told you one day?" She did not answer, but looked out of the window.

"You know I love you, though it is a great condescension," whispered he, getting closer to her.

She arose, faced him calmly, and replied:— "Please go away, Mr. Harry, or I shall have to leave. You do not know what you are talking about."

"Yes I do!" exclaimed he. "I want you to marry me. They would not allow the condescension; but come, let us run away together! I have a good deal of money that I have saved."

"Let me pass! You know this cannot be!" she said firmly.

He tried to put his arm about her.

"Harry! I told you *before* that I would not permit any familiarity, and shall go to your father and grandfather, at once!" exclaimed she, pushing him back into the room.

The voice of Mrs. Clairo was heard in the hall, and Mobilia forgave the boy, for she knew that he loved her; but the tell-tale color in his cheeks caught the eye of the mother.

"I have just received a letter from grandfather, Harry.

"He is feeling very badly, and I guess some of us will have to go to Jacksonville, very soon." The young man expressed his sorrow and hastily left the room.

Mobilia was putting Alice to bed, a little later, and what a happy little song she sang, to lull her darling to sleep, who soon sank into unconsciousness.

The nurse sat on the side of the bed, and her head fell in pensive reverie. She thought:—

"What am I?" No name! no relations! no friends!

"Yet many of the great, in the kingdom of this world, have risen to the heights, from like conditions." Then gazing upward, she uttered:—

"Oh, God! I do not wish much;– but let me rise in the kingdom of love, and sit at the feet of my king!"

Then the dark head was placed on the pillow, by the side of the angel-like child, in sweet contrast. Oh, Mobilia! if I could lay mine by such an one as yours; feel the warmth of her cheek; the sweetness of her breath; rest my head upon her bosom, and experience the embrace of her affection! – then let me die; it were too much for this world!

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Fresco was sitting in her room reading some letters, when a knock at the door distracted her attention.

She found a servant outside, bearing a card which read upon its face:— Mr. Alexander Clearview.

Taking it inside, she gave a deep sigh, as if relieved, saying:— "Come at last!"

It did not take her long to get down into the parlor, where her friend was found waiting in a quiet corner.

"I am so glad you have come! It seems an age since I have seen you!" said she.

"It seems a long time to me," replied Clearview.

He was then told, (fearing her note, written at midnight, did not reach him,) how she had hastened out to the Exposition, in order to inform him that De Balbao would be there.

"You are so kind!" said he, earnestly, "and I do not deserve all this trouble."

"You have been more than kind to me," replied she, looking away. A number of people, ladies and gentlemen, came in and sat not far from them.

"This man is circulating bad reports about you, and one of them is that you are living under an assumed name.

"Of course I do not believe anything against you, nor would ask questions bearing on it; but would like to be in possession of material information sufficient to protect my friend when occassion might offer."

He gave her a glance of admiration, when she said this, in a lower tone.

"Another thing he says, that you were a servant of his, years ago in Mexico. All this has been heard principally from the Clairos, but also from other sources.

"They seem to be giving ready ear to these reports, and as the family is inclined to lay great stress upon pedigree, though they did not have any ancestry of much distinction themselves to boast of, these things do not work in your favor.

"De Balbao seems to be courted by the best families; whether for his wealth or not, you know, of course.

"Within the bounds of politeness, there has been an atmosphere of coolness shown to me, from the fact of it being known that I am a close friend of yours; and I have found myself left out of the inner circle of their confidence, a position always occupied heretofore.

"All of which I am glad of, as it may give an opportunity for you to test my friendship." He gave her another expressive look.

"Miss Gybe is certainly no friend of yours; for, when occassion offers, her side remarks intensify the feeling against you. I understand what you said about having two enemies at court, now.

"But why should she not be friendly? I have seen you do her a number of favors."

Clearview answered:— "An unhappy remark was made by me, once, in the presence of some gentlemen, that I know reached her ears.

"Mr. Sudmit, her present beau, solicited from me, a number of times, an expression of opinion in regard to Miss Gybe. I am generally on my guard; but this time my first thought suddenly found vent in the exclamation:— She is a very intellectual woman; knows *how* to be nice; but her principal composition is *tongue*, and that is pickled!"

Mrs. Fresco gave a little soft laugh, at this, as if in assent.

He continued:— "I noticed her bearing was not quite so cordial after this, and concluded, from her actions since toward me, that however much a man may do for a woman, it counts as nothing against one deed which would in any way alienate her lover from her.

"How long do you calculate to be here?"

"My calculations were based upon those of the Clairos, somewhat, because I came out with them, as you know; but if my friendship for Mr. Clearview is going to be a source of ill feeling, then the sooner I act independently, the better!" she said proudly.

"It gives me pain that you should be inconvenienced in the slighest, on my account.

"In regard to De Balbao's assertions, I want to tell you a little

story, to vindicate myself; though your kind treatment of me, gives hopes that I have not depreciated in *your* eyes!"

He said this with considerable feeling, and then continued:—

"It cannot be told, now, far too much time would be consumed, and there are so many people near; but at the next opportunity you shall hear all."

"Mobilia told me, a few moments before you came, that a telegram had come, saying Mr. Clairo Sr. is quite ill, in Jacksonville. His son will go over, as soon as possible to see him," said Mrs. Fresco.

Clearview expressed sorrow, for the old gentleman had shown quite a liking to him.

"That girl rather interests me, and I cannot understand it. It is difficult to make her talk, at first, but servant though she is, her conversation is most elegant.

"I passed the parlor early, yesterday morning, and she was in there at the piano, with Alice in her lap, singing softly a sweet little song to a like accompaniment."

Take care Mrs. Fresco! skilled in society matters though you are, a link is being welded unintentionally by you!

"How does all this seem, in a servant? Couple these things with the fact that she has Miss Callie's hate, (I can see it every day,) then why should Mr. Clairo keep her? for his daughter has considerable influence with him."

"It does seem strange," said he, with a thoughtful look.

"Did you ever think there might be some relationship there?" asked she, with a knowing look.

He appeared more thoughtful, and replied:—

"Legitimate or illegitimate?"

"Either," said she.

"Father or son?" asked he.

"Either," was the reply again.

Clearview confessed that such thoughts had passed through his mind. She wondered why he looked so very thoughtful, and continued:—

"You should have seen her the day of your difficulty with De Balbao. When I came up, she was looking in the way you had gone, and the pose of that head, and shoulders, I declare, was perfectly magnificent!" (Beware Mrs. Fresco!)

"It was Minerva, herself."

Then she exclaimed with an arch look:– "Who ever saw such a man as you are! Even the maids are captivated!"

This made Clearview laugh, who arose to take leave. He said that another call would be made very soon, and they parted; but the hands of the two friends remained together a good deal longer than was necessary.

CHAPTER XII.

Alexander Clearview, Esquire, was vexed. It was his habit to dine at six o'clock, and he had invited two gentlemen, namely, Messrs. Bowlder, of Chicago, and Askew, of New Orleans, to take that meal with him; but neither had appeared.

Now the clock struck eight; his dinner had been taken alone, and he was pacing up and down before the hotel desk, wondering what to do.

While thinking deeply, his thoughts were interrupted by the delinquent Bowlder, who came up behind, put his hand on the lawyer's shoulder, saying:— "Please forgive me, old fellow, for it could not be helped! I could not see Askew until just now, and business presented itself suddenly, which required every minute of my attention, all day. Askew will be here at half past eight."

Clearview accepted his apology, and said:— "Let us go in there, and have something to drink, in the meanwhile. We can sit down in this little room, have a nice glass of wine and a *tête-á-tête*, before Askew comes."

They entered the room at the end of the office, and took a seat at one of the tables, of the many around.

There was quite a number of gentlemen enjoying themselves, and they proceeded to do the same.

"I had such a good time last night, at the theatre," said Bowlder, after drinking the health of his companion.

"Is Miss Rosamonde fond of the play?" asked Clearview.

"Very; so she says," was the answer.

"How are you getting on with her?" was the question, again.

Bowlder blushed a little, and said:— "Well, Clearview, it is hard to tell. I expect you have a sort of lien on her yet." There was a sort of quizzical look on his face.

"I assure you your ideas are entirely groundless. My love for her was quite deep, once, several years ago, but it is not so now. To me she had great attractions, which were ultimately bedimmed, in extracting that fragrance; for my heart would not be 'trampled on, boldly indeed.'

"I believe it is the God-given nature of woman, to a certain extent, to treat the one, with whom she would be successful, badly; and that it is the wisest provision for her success; but there is a limit to all things!

"A man who is in love with a woman, is willing to put up with her caprice, eccentricities and slights, if he is a wise man and has seen anything of the world; but, in her repelling him, she must weigh well how far to go; because there *are* obstacles to man, that cannot be overcome, to get a woman.

"For instance, we will suppose a case:— Let us picture a man of moderate circumstances, who is in love with a wealthy girl. She leads him a difficult chase, which he follows eagerly. One of her caprices is to put an ocean between them; little thinking that her lover has not the time and means to follow her.

"She expects him to come, for a couple of years, and, upon her return, finds the proud man, whom she *loves*, has wedded some other girl.

"This is only an illustration, and it is not meant to infer that Miss Rosamonde ever thought an iota of me; but she certainly did treat me very badly.

"I hope, my dear friend, you will fare better, and wish you every

success in winning a charming woman!" Here Clearview reached forward and pressed his friends hand heartily.

At this moment, Bowlder, whose chair was in such a position that he faced the door, noticed a well dressed man enter, who staggered up to one of the tables and sat down.

Clearview had not seen the man, but thought it a little strange that his friend should move his seat around considerably in front of him.

"Give me – hic – whiskey – hic – straight!" commanded the new comer of the waiter, in a loud voice, attracting the attention of everybody in the room.

"It is Henry Fresco!" whispered Bowlder to his companion, "but how changed he is. When sober, he knows how to be an elegant gentleman; but when drunk, is an imperious devil.

"You must get out of here, at once, Clearview; for he has sworn to kill you, on sight, several times to my knowledge, because you helped his wife against him."

"It is not according to my code, to run from any man, Bowlder, and an exception shall not be made in this case," replied the lawyer, calmly.

"But you do not want to get into a row with a drunken man, do you? He always goes armed, and is known as a desperate character, out West, for he killed two cowboys, several years ago, in a fight.

"I saw him talking to Buffalo Bill, yesterday.

"Now come! You will have to shoot him or he will shoot you?" entreated his friend in a low tone.

"Well, I am fortunate enough to be armed, for another person floating around in New Orleans; but as you say, there would be no particular desirability in having a row with a drunken man; and having created one sensation here, in the last week, it may be best to avoid another."

"Come!" said Bowlder, as he led his friend out, walking between him and the sight of drunken Colonel Henry Fresco.

CHAPTER XIII.

Askew was on time, at half past eight, as he said he would be, and after some preliminary conversation, they retired to a private sitting-room, where they could talk without any interruption.

"Now boys," said Clearview, taking a little champagne, "I will relate the story, promised: —

"About thirty years ago there was born, in the town of Conway, Massachusetts, a person who was named Alexander Clearview.

"He could lay no claim to distinguished ancestry, though his paternal great grandfather was killed in the Revolutionary War.

"This child was myself, as you know. Up to the age of twelve, my father sent me to the free school, and I got the foundation of a pretty good education in reading, writing and arithmetic.

"Then I was taken into his grocery store. It did not suit my tastes, at all, to wait on customers, and I was always found reading, when one entered.

"Being his only child, father wanted to indulge me; so, according to my wish, I was transferred to a cotton mill near at hand.

"The general work of the Mill had about been mastered, when he died, leaving everything in charge of my uncle, who did not like me, and I must say, the feeling was reciprocated.

"This uncle managed the small estate very well; but there was nothing there for me, until I should become of age.

"The quiet life of the town did not suit me, and I determined to leave it and go to New York; ultimately to Mexico, the untold wealth of which had reached my ears.

"Small savings, amounting to about five hundred dollars, seemed very large to me; but when the Metropolis was reached, every cent was carefully spent, seeing how rapidly it would go. This was in 1872, and I was seventeen years old.

"Accounts reached me, in wandering around, that the Mexico & Vera Cruz Railroad had just been opened; that a great trade

had sprung up all along the line, and that good workmen, in every branch, were in great demand.

"To make a long story short, I embarked on a steamer to make my fortune in our sister Republic; going straight to the City of Mexico itself.

"I found out that there were a number of Cotton Mills in the City and vicinity, and, *that* being my last employment, determined to seek a place in one of those.

"An American was the manager of one, and he was kind enough to give me a position.

"Being perfectly at home in the business, I worked up rapidly, and having the favor of my countryman, got to hold second position, in a year.

"During this time, the City became pretty well acquainted with, and I learned a good deal of the Spanish language. When at leisure, I used to walk with the people along the Alameda, which is a beautiful promenade, laid out very tastefully in wide walks, shaded by tall beeches; also embellished by fountains and summerhouses.

"Others were resorted to, such as, Paseos de Bucareli and Vega; the last of which, on the Canal of that name, has a colossal bust erected, of Guatimozin, the last Emperor of the Aztecs.

"The Plaza de Armas, the principal public square, was another of the favorite places, when there was nothing to do.

"In company of a young American, about my age, whose name was Loder, many places of public interest were visited, and many hours were passed in listening to the music, given to the people by the fine bands.

"At these places; at the great Cathedral, Bull-Fights, Theatres and fashionable drives, I saw very frequently a young man who was quite conspicuous for his looks, dash and display of wealth.

"Loder told me he was a grandson of a Creole, who had an immense estate in the Valley of Mexico, thousands of cattle, an army of retainers, or *mestizos*, and owned a great deal of property in the City of Mexico.

"He also said the young man was his only heir.

"This friend was a year younger than myself, an employee of the same cotton factory, but he had been in Mexico about five years, and was very well posted in regard to what was going on.

"One day, about fifteen months after I had come to the City, Mr. Loraine, the manager of the cotton mill, spoke to me quietly, saying that a very wealthy man had approached him upon the subject of starting a mill on his estate, in the interior, and had offered him such a large salary to come and take charge of it, he would accept.

"I was asked to go and be his assistant. Such an increase in salary, in my case was also made, that he secured me. Loder followed very soon.

"This wealthy man was no other than Don Miguel De Balbao, grandfather of the great "swell" named a short time ago.

"Don Miguel was a man of about sixty years old, very handsome, and an elegant gentleman of the Castilian type.

"His father had fled from Spain during the Boneparte usurpation, became very prominent and wealthy under the Viceroys, in Mexico, and had died, leaving his son an immense estate, which the present incumbent knew well how to take care of.

"The Creoles and Indians hated the Guachupines (as inhabitants living in Mexico, but born in Spain, were called) but Don Miguel, being a native born, and very kind, was loved by the first named, having no trouble in controlling Spaniards, Creoles, Mestizos and Indians, under his employ.

"The whole of Mexico is owned by about six thousand families, making about fifty thousand people, out of a population of nearly ten million.

"Conspicuous among these large landholders are the Indian Caciques, or lords, some of whom are direct descendents of the Aztec rulers, and men of great wealth.

"To the large estates, left by his father, was added another; for Don Miguel fell in love with an Indian princess, only daughter and child of one of the Caciques, and married her. Both father

and daughter were dead when I arrived there, and *his* only heir was Francisco.

"Our mill was soon started, being about one mile from the palatial residence of the proprietor, who used to come down frequently to see how it was operated.

"Mr. Loraine was a thorough business man, and soon had everything in first class order. One, to pass through the factory, would scarcely have known it from a New England Cotton mill, if it had not been for the variety of races represented at the spindles; for instance, there were Americans, Germans, Italians, Negroes and Mexicans; but he had them very well trained.

"I was looked upon as assistant to the manager. Sometimes when Don Miguel would come over to see us work, he would bring his grandson with him.

"The old man was as kind and courteous, even to the humblest, as one could be; but Francisco was proud, haughty, and appeared to look at us and everything with a condescending and cynical glance of those black eyes.

"He was inclined to be particularly patronizing to Mr. Loraine and myself.

"The manager and I were free-born Americans, and, though poor, we felt and acted as all of such nationality should, that we were the equals anyhow of earth's best, if not superior, whether they are occupants of thrones or huts.

"Mr. Loraine had a small dwelling near the mill, where he lived with his motherless daughter, Mildred.

"She was a beautiful girl, of rosy complexion, light hair, and those large gray eyes, ever varying in color, and while her manners were vivacious, innocence and sweetness were their synonyms.

"Loder and I became quite intimate with her, both being Americans like herself, and very soon acquaintance led to friendship, and friendship to love.

"We used to have many an enjoyable game of cards with the father and daughter, at their little home, often interspersed with music, from her piano and sweet voice.

"There was a generous rivalry between my American friend and myself, while the father would appear not to see the frailties of youth.

"I noticed soon, that Francisco's calls at the mill increased in frequency, and while his manner to Mr. Loraine approached respect, it was to me more haughty.

"He had seen Mildred, fell in love with her, and became a visitor.

"The girl did not like him from the first, and the courted beau of the Mexican metropolis found that a little American girl actually showed her aversion to him, when her youthful and open nature got the better of practiced politeness.

"The next evening after one of Francisco's visits, she leaned over the small table, where Loder and I had joined her in a game of 'Casino,' put her pretty head close to ours and said: —

"'I am afraid of him,– his eyes are like snakes!'

"I had all this time gone by the name of John Morton, and had been known by it, ever since entering Mexico.

"The reason for going under an assumed name was this: that I was not of age, and my uncle, who was my guardian, and much disliked, might hear of my whereabouts.

"I expected to work hard, economize, make a competency, return to my own country, and assume my true name in a few years; for what cared I for Mexico and its mongrel set of inhabitants.

"It is much better now than it used to be, before President Juarez separated Church and State, and freed the Republic from Priestcraft.

"Just think of what an enormous power the priests had. He took away from them, in appropriating to the Government, $300,000,000, which was locked up in useless Church property, vampire-like absorbed from the people, equal in values to about half the landed property in the whole country.

Under his Reform law, of July 12th, 1859, twenty one Nunneries and eight Convents were suppressed and converted into school houses.

"He made marriage a Civil Contract, abolished Ecclesiastical Tribunals and perpetual Monastic Vows.

"Mexico has made rapid strides since then; but how could it compare with our own United States, which it succeeded in imitating to a laudable degree.

"Americans do not stand a good chance in the favor of this people, when competing with other nationalities, for they have not forgotten how badly we thrashed them in the Mexican War, and what immense territory was taken by us.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Well, to continue with my story," said Clearview:— "Don Miguel came to the factory one day, and told Mr. Loraine he had to go to Europe.

"If he needed any money, or necessaries, for carrying on the work, Francisco would furnish it. In other words, the young man was left in full control of everything.

"Mr. Loraine made no remarks, but Loder and myself thought there would be mischief done in some way, before the old gentleman would return, little dreaming how things would turn out.

"Francisco, who was four or five years older than myself, as soon as his grandfather had gone, began to pay Miss Mildred considerable attentions, to the great annoyance of herself and her two American admirers.

"We were all in a very peculiar situation, for he was the employer of both her father and ourselves; but she was so independent in showing the aversion borne him, I was afraid for the permanency of the father's position.

"At last, the mischief did come, and I will never forget that night.

"Loder, who slept in the mill with me, had gone up to bed, but I walked in the dark outside, thinking deeply of my future prospects.

"Suddenly screams, the sound of men's voices, and tramp of

horses feet were heard from the direction of Mr. Loraine's house.

"I rushed up stairs, told Loder, seized my pistol and in a few moments found myself at the door of my friend.

"Flames and smoke were coming from the rear, and as I entered, groans were heard. It is useless to say my first thoughts were of Mildred, and that the house had caught on fire; but no! she was not there; and her father lay upon the floor, dying from several deep wounds, evidently made by dirks, while two *mestizos* were dead by his side.

"Loder and I raised him, and this was what he gasped, before the breath left his body:—

" 'Go – rescue – Mil – dred – from Fran – cis – co!'

"We left him dead, outside, and hurried, pistol in hand, toward the residence of Don Miguel.

"But what could we do, following a mounted party into its stronghold of one who had hundreds at his command?

"At the gate we were challenged, and not answering, several shots were fired at us, in the dark. We returned the fire, but saw how useless it was.

"Who can tell the feelings of Loder and myself, as we retraced our steps toward the burning dwelling, where our friend had been murdered, and our sweetheart carried off by masked villains.

"We swore vengeance,– but our cup of bitterness was not yet full; for the next day, after Mr. Loraine had been buried, all the employees of the mill were discharged by a messenger from Francisco De Balbao, and I received secret word from a German, whom I had befriended, and who acted as one of the cooks in Don Miguel's household, that Mildred, in her desperation, had jumped from a high window, and was killed.

"Oh, how Loder and I wept together that night! We felt indeed like orphans!

"It was expected of us that all should leave the premises, and even then the mill was in the hands of Francisco's armed *Mestizos;* but we were allowed to sleep there until arrangements could be made for departure.

"It was set on fire that night and entirely consumed, no doubt with the idea that our poor bones would be resting in the ashes, in the morning; and it was circulated that some of the employees had fired it, in revenge for being discharged.

"This is the way Francisco worked. See the situation of the case. Nobody except ourselves knew who had killed Mr. Loraine and carried off his daughter; we receiving the information from the dying man's lips alone.

"There were outrages and murders, by individuals and bands, going on frequently in that country, and who could tell the ones criminal in this act.

"Besides, the country for miles around belonged to this man's grandfather, and the people were little better than his serfs. No one would believe us, if a statement were made, especially when coming from Americans.

"We moved off into the woods, camped out, and matured our plans for vengeance; for no law could reach the villain.

"The German, before mentioned, found out where we were, and came to us in the night.

"He told us that Mildred had been very secretly buried, and that Francisco would leave that part of the country in about one week.

"The promise was given that he would inform us the day when his employer would leave, and route to be taken, if possible.

"Loder and I had several hundred dollars with us, and we sat out for the City of Mexico, for this reason:— I had fifteen hundred dollars, in Bank, which was the savings of two years' hard work and economy, and my companion had one thousand.

"Don Miguel gave us a place to sleep, and our food, so there was a chance to save a good deal.

"On our way, we bought two ponies, which soon enabled us to reach the city. The money was drawn from the Bank, invested in checks on New York, that would be good anywhere, and after buying a few necessaries for travelling through a rough country, return was made to our bivouac, in the woods, near the estate of Don Miguel.

"It was not long before our German friend came, to tell us that Francisco would leave for the City next evening, with a large party of his retainers, and that a certain road would be taken.

"Now for vengeance! and we had it. Selecting a certain spot, where the road was dark and narrow, in half an hour obstructions were placed across it, in the form of logs and brushwood, to such an extent, that no vehicle or horse could pass without stopping.

"Our positions were taken above this place, Loder being on one side of the road and I on the other, just far enough apart to prevent shooting one another should the object come between.

"The party soon came along, in single file; for the road was narrow, bringing each man in about six feet of us, as he passed.

"Both of us fired nearly together, at a well known figure in the middle of the cavalcade.

"He fell from his horse, and the *mestizos* and Indians, seeing they were obstructed in front, turned and fled back as fast as their animals could carry them, leaving their master to his fate.

"We emerged from the bushes into the road, and approached the prostrate form from different directions, who raised himself on one elbow and leveled his weapon at my companion; but I knocked it up, from behind, before it was discharged.

"Loder rushed up to him, exclaiming, with a revolver pointed at Francisco:– 'Die, dog of a Mexican! with rape and murder on your soul!'

"'Stop!' said I, 'we must away from here, at once! See, he is dying.' Our enemy fell back and, to all appearance, was dead.

"We left him in his blood, found our horses, and the next morning were many miles away to the north of a spot where so much unhappiness had been experienced.

"After some rough travelling, we reached Texas; then went on to New Orleans, where the train was taken for New York.

"On the way, my companion was informed of my real name, Alexander Clearview, and the reason for going by the name of – John Morton.

"A short time after this, an arrangement was made with my uncle, in regard to the property left by my father.

"He paid me five thousand dollars for the assets, and with that money, I went back to New York.

"Following my natural inclinations, after a time employment was obtained in a young lawyer's office, to do the clerical work. He was in bad health and had to quit business soon, but recommended me to another lawyer, who took me into his employ.

"I studied hard, and suffice it to say, he is now my present partner.

"Loder went to Louisville, became a physician, and is now there.

"Both of us thought De Balbao had been killed by one of our shots, and imagine my surprise to see him at the theatre, here, with a young lady whom I think a great deal of.

"I immediately wrote to Loder, informing him of the fact, and I will read you what he says, in reply."

Clearview drew out a letter and read from the concluding part:—

" 'In regard to what should be done, it is clear to me. I am a married man with three bright children. The heat and passions of ten years ago have cooled in my memory, and God knows the tranquility and happiness of my life should not be disturbed.

" 'I would advise you, my dear friend, to leave De Balbao to the hand of Nemesis. If any action should be taken, let it be entirely on the defensive; but in all events, count on

" 'Your friend,

" 'William Loder.'

"Now gentlemen, I have told the history of my life, and particularly that part which relates to Francisco De Balbao!

"The story is placed in your hands, to use at discretion, and it is as true as there is a God above.

"I shall not run about to contradict or disprove anything he says, and may circulate; adopting as my intentions for the future, the advice given by my friend, Loder.

"Throwing aside the injuries of years ago, he has given me

enough cause for resentment, recently, but, bear in mind, my friends, should there be any difficulty hereafter, I will not be the aggressor!"

"I should think," said Askew, he would be afraid that you would tell some of his disgraceful history, in retaliation for the stories told about you."

"Take this into cosideration," replied Clearview, "that he is in love with a woman, whom he has reason to think I admire, and is vindictive from the Spanish blood in his veins.

"I am in my own country, where any slander, in regard to myself, can hurt and cut deeply; but it is only a transient place for him. Should the disfavor of society, here, be given, he can retire to his own country, and be treated just the same as always before.

"He can deny what I might tell about him, (for no proof could be obtained) and people would say anyhow:— 'All young men have their love affairs, and must sow their wild oats,' while I cannot deny that he employed me ten years ago, and my assumed name was – John Morton."

"That is true," said Askew.

"Do you think he knows who shot him!" asked Bowlder.

"Yes, when I knocked up his arm, and prevented him from shooting Loder, before he fell back, both of us must have been recognized," answered Clearview.

The three friends sat talking late into the night, and, when they parted, two more links had been strongly welded into the chain of *friendship*.

CHAPTER XV.

Clearview was waked next morning by a rap at his door. The disturber of late slumbers was the bearer of a note, which read thus:—

"St. Charles Hotel.

"My dear friend;

"I would say, do come to me at once, for I am in trouble; but maybe it is best for you not to do so.

"Mobilia sent me the enclosed note, a little while ago, which is the cause of my agitation.

"You know whom she describes, – the man I so much fear, Henry Fresco.

"What shall I do, but call on you, and add another to the list of obligations.

"It is best for you *not* to come; for if Henry Fresco should chance to meet you, there would certainly be a difficulty.

"If I go back to New York, he will follow, and if I stay here, trouble will come, surely.

"I am leaning on one who has never failed me. I dare not go out of my room, for fear of meeting him.

"Please write!

"As ever,

"C. F."

The note enclosed read in this way:—

"Friday.

"Dear Mrs. Fresco;

"These few lines are hurriedly written, and sent by bell-boy, because it might possibly be of service to you.

"This morning I chanced to hear in the hall, unnoticed, a conversation between one of the parlor servants and a tall, fine looking man, with a very long moustache. He said, in a very deep, low voice:— 'Do you know Mrs. Fresco?'

" 'Think I do, sir!' was the reply.

" 'Well, keep what I tell you to yourself; do you understand?'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the boy.

"Then the man continued:– 'I will be about the office all day, and when you see Mrs. Fresco come down to the parlor, find me, at once. Do this and I will reward you well!' They went off together and I sought Alice.

"Please pardon me, if I appear to take too much interest in your affairs.

"Mobilia."

This last note was put in the vest pocket over his heart, and with the other in hand, he proceeded to the writing room, where the following answer was penned, after a good deal of thought:—

"Hotel Royal.

"My sweet friend;

"All that I have done, or can do for you, would be more than repaid by the pleasure of knowing so charming an individual.

"You are in a predicament, but a way out of it appears to me.

"The fact of a slight estrangement with the Clairos does not help matters. I learned they are going over to Jacksonville, Tuesday night at eight o'clock, and this is Friday.

"As you say, Fresco will conclude when you leave, that he will find you in New York; but a plan will leave him in the dark as to where my sweet friend is.

"Pack up your things, if it can be done to-day, and go with me over to Mobile. It is only about five hours' run. I have two elegant lady friends there, who will take the very best care of you.

"Send for the clerk, tell him that there is a gentleman below, whom you wish to avoid, and ask him to help you get off without notice.

"I will meet you with a carriage, at Ladies' Entrance, exactly at half past seven o'clock, this evening, which will give ample time to buy our tickets and take the eight o'clock train, on Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

"Bundle yourself up pretty well, with a veil on, and if he should be on the lookout, it would be impossible to tell who it is.

"Do not tell the Clairos anything, and the fact that they still remain, will make Fresco think you are here yet.

"According to my judgment this is best, and if you decide to go, let me knew immediately.

"Truly yours,

"Alexander Clearview."

This was quickly sent off, and, in about an hour, he received a reply, saying she would do as he suggested.

It was well that Clearview had engaged seats during the day in the "sleeper," for so crowded was the train, going North, that many had to stand.

It seemed to be the case on the trains coming in, also.

When they were in motion, and everything had quieted down, Mrs. Fresco asked:— "I wonder what the Clairos will say?"

"You had better write them something now, and I will mail it at the next stopping place, where a down train will take it; thereby keeping them from knowing, from Postmark, where you are.

"Let me see what is best!" The lawyer took from his satchel some paper and postal cards; then pencilled down the following:—

"Dear Mrs. Clairo;

"I am now on the train, going North. Sudden news came which took me off, and as you all were out, did not see you.

"Good company is taking care of me.

"Sincerely,

"C. Fresco."

"What a good correspondent you are, and how non-commital!" said his companion, laughing, as she took a postal and copied it verbatim.

"I shall take you to the Battle House, in Mobile.

"To-morrow, my lady friends will be visited, and they will take charge of you, at once.

"I will have to return to New Orleans, to-morrow afternoon, because there is a little business to be attended to," said he.

The next evening found him back at the Hotel Royal, for an engagement, dear to him, had to be met at three o'clock the following day.

A great many people, in New Orleans, went to the Exposition on Sundays, especially in the afternoon, to hear the music; but the attendance was not near so great as during every day.

This Sunday, Clearview was on his way at twelve o'clock, determining to take lunch out there, before filling the appointment.

It was quarter to three when he sought the place, where he and Mobilia had met last.

She was not in sight; but there was Alice. How excited he was! She must be near somewhere!

These were his quick thoughts, and he concluded she must be in that little model room, (outside of which Alice was playing,) a number being along the gallery, filled up as advertisements for furniture houses.

Stepping by Alice quickly, who was engrossed in playing with her cards, Mobilia was found where expected, with her back towards him, examining some of the exhibits of the room.

She turned, and they were in each others arms!

How their hearts beat against each other! How their lips fed together! and how their eyes drank in love!

Why is it, that from a glance, or even being in the presence of each other, two feel their minds and souls are wedded, and it only needs the ceremony to complete their union?

O wonderful law of affinity and attraction, which works independently of reason and premeditation, how incomprehensible thou art!

Do bear us onward in the circle of thy revolutions to *our* mates!

"Will you marry me," asked Clearview, tenderly.

She did not answer, but put her beautiful head upon his shoulder, and closed her eyes.

He kissed the warm cheek over and over.

"Will you, my own true love?" said he.

"Yes," was the low reply.

They were soon seated outside, and long was it before leaving the quiet spot, made more so on account of Sunday.

Said he, with her hand in his, in conclusion:—

"Considering that we are to part on Tuesday, the sooner it is done, the better. We do not know what complications may be unravelled, to your benefit by secresy, but I will claim you before the whole world, in a short time, anyhow!"

Mobilia and Alice got home later than usual that evening.

It was late at night when Clearview, Askew and Bowlder concluded their *tête-á-téte*, at the Club Room, in the following words:–

"If you are fully decided upon it, I shall do all I can to aid you, but let me warn you again, against the possibility of a *mésalliance!*" said Askew, in a low tone.

"That is exactly what I think, too," added Bowlder, grasping the lawyer's hand.

"I cannot help it! I cannot help it; my friends, come what will! I am too far gone!" exclaimed Clearview, returning the pressure and closing his eyes.

Monday was a bright, clear day, and, in the afternoon, Mobilia strolled along the sidewalk leisurely, with Alice.

Though unassuming, her dress was arranged, to-day, in the greatest taste, and in a simple style that set off her peculiar beauty, in a wonderful way.

Suddenly a carriage drove up, with closed curtains, just in front of her; the door opened a little, and the face of one whom she loved most on earth looked out quickly.

"Come, dear! we will go and take a ride!" she said to Alice.

The door closed after them and the driver heard two words, from within, as he drove away:– "Hotel Royal!"

They were soon at the Ladies' Entrance of said Hotel; Clearview sprang out, and went directly to the elevator, ringing as if alone; while Mobilia and Alice sauntered after in a few moments.

Not a word was said, but Mobilia got out at the same floor, and followed after him leisurely, until a certain door, slightly opened, was reached, which they entered quickly.

It was a room that opened into another, by a door between, and here Askew, Bowlder and another man were found, the last of whom proved to be a minister.

Mobilia and Clearview took Alice into the next room, talked to her a few moments, gave her candy and set her to work playing on the floor, saying they would be back in a few moments.

When they had gone with Alice, Askew said to the two gentlemen:— "She *is* a beauty, and I do not blame him!"

In about fifteen minutes, Alexander Clearview and Mobilia Domaine were declared man and wife, secretly.

The others quietly took their departure, leaving the two together for about an hour; then Mobilia and Alice entered the carriage, drove to another part of town, and leisurely returned to the St. Charles Hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was weeping in the Clairo family, for a telegram had been received from Jacksonville, announcing the death of Mr. Clairo, Sr.

It was sent by his son, now the head of the family, who requested the ones in New Orleans to come to him immediately.

That evening, as the train moved off, Mobilia, who looked out of the Pullman Car window, heard a voice, dear to her, in the dark below, and a strong hand grasped hers firmly for an instant.

Mrs. Clairo was almost ill, from hearing of this loss, but there was something else which gave her uneasiness, and that was the fact of Miss Callie having been looking so badly for several days.

This young lady now rested her head on the seat cushion, in a half reclining position, and appeared to be entirely overcome by lassitude, while her mother looked on anxiously.

Mr. Clairo, Jr. never saw his father again, in his senses, after the old gentleman left New Orleans; for upon arriving at his bedside, he was totally unconscious, remaining so until death came.

The intention was to take the body right along with the whole family to the North; but Miss Callie proved to be so ill, physicians had to be called, who pronounced her trouble as Typhoid fever, and that she would have to have immediate attention.

Mr. Clairo had to go on with the body, leaving his daughter in the hands of her mother, Miss Gybe, Mobilia and the Doctors.

Clearview's intention had been to remain in New Orleans through Mardi Gras, now a few days off, and perhaps to the end

of February; but summons came from his partner, to go to Chicago, where business must be attended to immediately.

Besides other things that must be done, before leaving, two letters, in particular, should be written; one of condolence, to the Clairo family, (for he really bore them anything but ill will,) and another to Mrs. Fresco. This was the conclusion of the last, addressed to Mobile.

"Fresco, finding that you had gone, went North several days ago, by the 'Louisville & Nashville' route, passing right through Mobile.

"Bowlder says he saw him go off.

"He is entirely deceived. Telegraph or write me any time, and I am

"Your obedient servant,

"Alexander Clearview."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The eyes of the Post Office clerk, at the General Delivery window in Jacksonville, dilated, as he exclaimed:— "Stand aside, gentlemen, and let me wait on the lady, first!"

It was Mobilia, and she said softly:— "Have you any letters for Miss Mabel Juno?"

"Yes, Miss, here is one. Is that your name?" replied he.

"That is mine," she answered, taking the letter, and leaving, while the eyes of all the men followed her.

It was the first chance she had had to leave the hotel for a week; for Miss Callie was a very ill woman, and required the attentions, in many ways, of all the family. Pressing the letter to her heart, she quickly sought the hotel, waiting and yearning for a moment of privacy, to read the words of her husband of a few weeks.

At last it was opened, and said:—

"Chicago, March 1st, 1885.

"My darling wife;

"Oh, how strange, and yet so sweet, to write these words for the first time! You know that I would fly

to you, if p[illegible]pirit power of volition, but a long an[illegible]is keeping me away.

"The [illegible]were not for this case, I could not come without letting our [illegible]cret be known, pains me a great deal; but this shall not be long.

"When I get to New York, means shall be taken immediately to find out who you are.

"Like the bright light of heaven; the color in flowers; the radiance of the sunset, and the music in all nature point with index finger above, so does your fair form, proclivities and characteristics point to gentle blood, my wife.

"Listen, dear Mobilia! The death of Mr. Clairo, Sr. should reveal something in regard to your history.

"Store up all expressions that you hear about yourself, and tell me of them; for when we take information that really belongs to us, there is nothing dishonorable.

"O star, in the crescent of my life! if there is any brightness there, it bends its arms to catch and mingle with thy rays.

"How weary I am, in struggling with the mental giants of the country, to-day, and my brain reels when I write.

"Could your gentle hand be layed upon this brow! Could this head rest in your lap, and your bright eyes look down upon me, my being would not only be revived half again, but a thousand fold.

"The empty niche is longing for its beautiful statue, and these arms yearning for my sweet bride.

"I kiss the pillow where you should lay, and being very weary, say "good-night.

"Your

"Alexander Clearview."

This letter had lain in the Post Office a number of days, and though a little was written immediately, it was near the middle of the month before Mobilia could finish hers, in reply.

This is the way it read:—

13th, 1885.

"Dear husband;

"Would I could [illegible] to give me appropriate language in talking to my beloved!

"In the rulings of a higher Intelligence, our brief-lighted bliss has been curtailed; but my heart, in its throbbings spells your name, and sends its impulse to the mind, every thought of which is halved of you.

"That I would be with you, shall I say, when each particle of blood, in its onward course, whispers to its neighbor:– 'Alexander!'

"What care I for name, position or birth; for I am a Clear-view! Am I not merged into your life? and that is the climax of my ambition!

"Yes, it does matter who I am; for not a hair's line of tarnish must be made on the escutcheon of my dear one, and what bird would have its feathers out of harmony with the plumage of its mate.

"Crescent of *my* life, which surrounds and watches over this star, I would huddle closer to thy bosom, and lose my light, blent in thine!

"Oh, I am so sorrow that you are working too hard! Will you take care of yourself, for the sake of one who longs to be with her love, and place her cheek against his fevered brow?

"Do arrange matters speedily, and bid me come to your side.

"According to your wishes, not only every word and sound that may bear upon myself, is stored up, but I am afraid the verge of inquisitiveness has been passed by me.

"This morning, when moving the sofa in Mr. Clairo's room, a letter and telegram were found, folded together. I did not know what they were, and opened them. These papers must have been dropped by Mr. Clairo, before he left.

"As your name and mine appear, I concluded to send them to you, at once, and, if it is wrong, please return; then they shall be handed to Mr. Clairo.

"There *must* be something in them important!

"Miss Callie is very ill yet. Sometimes her fever is so high that it causes delirium. Poor girl! I have heard her several times, when in this state, speak your name, and should be very jealous if I were not married, and sure of my husband's love.

"The doctors say, if her constitution is strong enough she will get well after awhile; but that the fever must last a long time yet.

"Her father is back again, and spends most of his time by her side. Mr. De Balbao has been here for about one week, and sends Miss Callie flowers every day.

"She returns thanks, but hardly notices them.

"From little things seen, I am under the impression that he fees the chambermaid to bring him news of her from the sick room.

"Alice is my only comfort here, for everybody and everything is uncongenial.

"I see your face all day long and in my dreams.

"Oh, God hasten the day when my husband will say:– 'Come to me, love!' is the prayer of

"Mobilia Clearview."

CHAPTER XVII.

Clearview sat in the Palmer House, Chicago, opening his mail.

One letter in particular struck his attention, after finding there was none from Mobilia, and that was addressed in Mrs. Fresco's hand-writing.

It read thus:—

Mobile, Ala., March 15th, 1885.

"My dear friend;

"How can I thank you for bringing me here! Ever since I arrived, my time has been taken up in quiet, solid pleasure.

"This is one of the instances of my life, where anticipation has not been greater than reality.

"What was my suprise, the day after you left, to find there was a number of people in the Battle House, spending the Winter, whom I knew years ago.

"They appeared very much pleased to see me, and were importunate, at once, for me to stay there all the season, telling what a good time they had had, and would have, away from the snow and ice of the North, in this soft and genial climate.

"Your friends have treated me royally, each one vieing with the other in courtesies, and I have now a realizing appreciation of Southern hospitality, if never before.

"This is written from the home of Mrs. L., where two weeks must be spent, anyhow, and then I am to stay awhile with Mrs. M.

"To-day the thermometer is 60; the air delightful and balmy.

"We took a drive out Spring Hill Avenue, this morning, which extends into the country about six miles, to Spring Hill, where there is a pretty village, the location of a Jesuit college.

"On the way, we passed the home of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of 'St. Elmo', 'Beulah', and other novels.

"She is an elegant lady, and entertained us most handsomely several days ago. Her hot house has the most beautiful flowers, and is noted all over the city. There is a picturesque Convent near her residence.

"The woods and shrubbery are quite green, and I am told that on the ninth of April, when the Fireman's Parade comes off, there will be the greatest quantity of natural flowers to decorate the engines with.

"A drive has been taken quite a number of times, down the beautiful 'Shell Road,' which skirts along the edge of Mobile Bay for about five miles, passing through groves of large moss-covered oaks and magnolias, the freshness of which acts as balm upon the eyes, and the soft salt air from the Gulf exhilerates the whole frame.

"We have been visiting on Government Street, often, which is overhung and shaded almost its whole length, a distance of about two miles, with large oaks and other trees.

"The houses on this street are of the old *ante bellum* style, mostly, lending great interest to the visitor, but there are very many of modern architecture.

"The people seem to have such soft, easy manners, no doubt inspired by the climate, and inherited from their French and Spanish ancestors.

"Though these races were the first representatives here, the English element seems to have gained the ascendency, making it far different from New Orleans.

"I should rather live here a hundred fold; for that city is built on a marsh, and *now* has such surroundings, whereas this one possesses a natural soil, with luxuriant forests, and the purest of water springing therefrom.

"One of the most enjoyable experiences has been the pleasure of witnessing Mardi Gras.

"This celebrated fête has created a good deal of interest in the North, and it seems to be entirely associated in the mind with New Orleans.

"Though few know it, Mobile is the originator of this celebration in the United States, and its mystic societies were in operation long before thought of, anywhere else.

"Formerly there was a great deal of buffoonery carried on in the streets, under mask, during the daytime, like in New Orleans; but that is said to have died out to a great extent, on account of not being in feeling with the controlling Anglo-Saxon population.

"A day procession passes along the streets, now, and two at night.

"Those at night, enveloped in beautiful lights, were exquisite, and several, who had seen the displays in the Crescent City, said Mobile's are equally as good.

"Scenes from history, poetry and art are represented by members of the society, borne on wagons, or floats, and when the street display is over, those who have tickets quickly seek the Theatre, and large Halls, to witness tableaux on the subjects represented in the streets.

"All this I enjoyed like a dream of fairy land.

"The names of some of the societies are 'O. O. Ms,' 'T. D. Ss, 'Cowbellions,' and 'Strikers'; the meaning of which I do not understand.

"There are some fine churches,– Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian, and an imposing Cathedral, where we have been to service.

"I have seen the grave of Admiral Semmes, who was known all over the world as being commander of the famous 'Alabama,' and visited several other pretty cemeteries.

"Mobile is historic in stories of the war, and, in riding about the pretty suburbs, one is struck at seeing dilapidated mounds of earth, which he is told are the old fortifications, built to keep the Federals out.

"I am promised a trip, by my kind friends, to Fort Morgan, which commands the entrance to the Bay, from the Gulf, and where Admiral Farragut had such a heavy Naval battle with the Confederate Ram – 'Tennessee.'

"They say I will see Spanish Fort, which was taken after severe fighting, by General Canby, who was killed afterwards by the Modoc Chief, and the beautiful Eastern Shore, where so many people come in the summer time, from several States around.

"Citronelle, a small village North of here on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, is getting to be a popular resort for people with lung troubles; most of whom come from the West.

"I could write pages in regard to this lovely place, but, right now, my hostess tells me to get ready for a literary entertainment to come off this evening,– *I* mean after tea.

"Speaking of 'this evening,' did you ever notice that the Southerners mean by that expression, between dinner time and dark.

"The young people of this city seem to be very musical, and there is a good deal of amateur talent here.

"Their efforts have been directed recently though, to the formation of literary societies.

"I had the pleasure of attending the 'Chatauqua Literary Circle' and the 'Augusta Evans Club,' both held at private houses.

"You must have heard of Miss Callie's illness by this time.

"I have written to Mrs. Clairo several times, offering my services, but have received no reply.

"Write me a long letter, telling all the society news that you know; if not now, when you reach New York, and do, my dearest friend, keep a watch over me.

"As ever,

"C. Fresco."

The lawyer, going to the desk soon after, received another letter. How his serious face lit-up! It was from Mobilia, and contained the letter and telegram signed by Mr. Clairo, Sr. before his death, which, when read, caused our young friend so much excitement that he got up and paced the floor, nervously.

They were the ones Mobilia had referred to as being enclosed, and the telegram read this way:—

"Jacksonville, Florida, February 15th, 1885.

"To Mr. William Clairo, Jr.,

"St. Charles Hotel,

"New Orleans, La.

"I am quite ill. Come right off and bring Clearview.

"Father."

The words of the letter were these:—

"Jacksonville, Florida, February 15th, 1885.

"My dear son;

"I have received another attack to-day of a trouble which will likely end my existence.

"A telegram has been sent, asking you to come right away, and to bring Clearview.

"Staring death in the face, it is right for me to arrange my affairs beforehand.

"I cannot die in peace, unless justice is done Mobilia. We must not delay this matter any longer.

"Do come, for I am sure my end is near!

"Your affectionate father,

"William Clairo, Sr."

This letter was written in a very feeble hand.

"God bless my darling bride! these are indeed important!" exclaimed Clearview, kissing his wife's letter over and over.

He then continued, talking to himself:—

"So the old gentleman wanted me to come, and his son did not even mention it."

He sat for several minutes, engaged in deep thought, wrote a long letter to Mobilia, and then took the next train for New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the cars flew, with great rapidity, and, as our young friend gazed out of the Pullman car window, at the flitting objects, his attention was engaged by the animated conversation of two old gentlemen in the berth just behind him.

The first speaker's name appeared to be Clement, and the other's Wilton; the former a Southerner and the latter from the North.

Said Mr. Clement:— "What do you think of the state of our country *now*, since Mr. Cleveland has gone in?"

"Oh," replied the other, "I am an independent Republican, voted for him, and hope to see good results come therefrom.

"This new phase of politics seems to have settled the bad feeling between the sections, North and South, and I hope the men who have kept the country in constant excitement for the last twenty years, will be buried in obscurity forever.

"Yes, I hope so," continued Mr. Clement. "The South now free from all fear of interference, by the Central Government, at Washington, in our local Governments, will be a stronger supporter of the Union than ever before, and her sons, no longer looking for encroachments,– whereby their sections were always kept in a perpetual broil, will feel safe to engage in the occupations of peace.

"Before the war, when almost every Southern man was rich, or comfortably well off, sons and daughters were sent to the finest colleges in this country and Europe, to be educated.

"When they graduated and came home, there were only several outlets for the energies of the men, and they were in the army, in politics, or some profession.

"This is why the South, from the beginning of the country's history, has produced so many distinguished statesmen and soldiers, and why *our* country has been so little developed as to its immediate section.

"There was no occasion for a finely educated young man, whose father owned plantations, with overseers and negroes to cultivate the soil, to work or engage in any trade.

"It was thought to be menial, and only professions were desired.

"The young ladies, when *they* came home, found nothing to occupy their minds, but becoming queens of society.

"It is not so now, since slavery has been abolished; for both men and women being deprived of their means of support, the negro labor, have to occupy the naturally good Anglo-Saxon mind and energy in getting their daily bread, which effort must develop their country.

"There will always be a feeling of superiority in our own minds, though, over the negro, whatever any other section of the Union may think or feel; for it is God-given.

"With all the education and other influences brought to bear on him, it is impossible to elevate the negro to the plane of the Caucasian; for history demonstrates it in the fact that he has existed thousands of years by the side of other nations, always being the lowest in the scale of creation and the servant of every other people with whom he came in contact.

"In a humanitarian view of the case, it was a false idea in turning the vast black horde of ignorance into our family of politics, and, as a political move, more so; for, notwithstanding the Republican party had an accession of power *at first*, the intellect and intelligence of the country, though in some places being in the minority, now control it their way, as the stronger mind will always sway the weaker.

"A great deal that is detrimental has been said about the 'Solid South', and attempts have been made to break it by the politi-

cians averse to us, (knowing we have an increased representation in Congress by means of the negro vote, which we now control,) but the Northern people do not seem to understand why the South has kept solid.

"When this occurs, and no sooner, will that state of cohesion in politics be broken up *there*:—

"Whenever the Southern people no longer fear an interference by the General Government, in our local State affairs, as regards the negro vote, or any other, then the White Democratic Party will split, and the two halves both bid for the negro suffrage.

"By the election of Mr. Cleveland, this has about come; but I am afraid that extreme element, represented by Mr. Blaine, and others of his type, has not quite yet done with the 'bloody shirt', the sight of which knits the Southern Democracy closer together."

"What are yours ideas about the other parties?" said Mr. Wilton.

"I think the Prohibitionists and Greenbackers are perfect sets of fools.

"It is a principle in human nature to want most what is most difficult to obtain.

"Did you ever notice, in the bringing up of boys, that those who are closely watched and kept under constraint, when they *do* get free from control, go to great extremes of badness.

"Men who are fond of liquor are not going to drink any less because the law says so. They would often sell their souls for it.

"We might as well let people have as much as they want, and make it free as possible.

"I am told that there are Asylums for the Inebriate in different parts of the country, and their regular prescription is – Whiskey, in *everything*; given to such an extent that the patient soon begins to loathe it.

"There is no use to legislate against drinking; for the Congressmen and Senators will go from their desks, with speeches on the subject scarcely out of their mouths, and refresh themselves, even under the shadow of the Capitol, over a friendly glass.

"Maine is likely the most strenuous in its advocacy of the Prohibition law.

"Listen to a little experience that happened to me last Summer, while at Old Orchard Beach, in that State.

"A friend of mine and I were taking a walk. It being quite warm, I made this remark:— 'How nice a cool glass of beer would taste!'

"The words were scarecely uttered, when a man standing near tapped me on the shoulder and bade me follow him.

"We went around to the rear of the house, and entered what would be taken for a parlor. He asked us to be seated, went to the side of the wall, took out a key, unlocked and slid back a panel, when all that we could call for was produced.

"Anything that was wanted could be gotten at Bar Harbor, also, the law to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I was very much amused at a scene in one of the New York hotels, not long ago. It was on Sunday, and the law is for saloons and bar-rooms to be closed.

"From one end of the hotel bar to the other was stretched a white cloth, bearing a placard in the middle, which said:— 'Bar closed to-day!' but the forms of half a dozen men could be seen behind it, and the clinking of glasses was heard.

"There are three things that ruin the youth of all countries, and they are – Wine, Lewd women and Gambling.

"These have always existed, and always will; no remedy being found to check their power but one, and that is – Religion.

"The 'Balm in Gilead' seems not only to heal the deseased and wounded parts, but to cool, calm and soothe the healthy restless impulses of the spirit, in its tendencies for evil."

"I think Legislation can lessen the evil somewhat; but never mind, let me hear why you consider the Greenbackers such fools," said Mr. Wilton.

"Well," replied his companion, "everybody is a fool who does not know what he is talking about and persists in his ignorance.

"What do the ones who are agitating this subject know about Finance? This is the trouble with our voters and legislators, – they adopt a theory and attempt to carry it out, without ever having had any experience on the subject, or its practical workings.

"I would give more for the opinion of one good New York Banker, on the subject of Finance, than all the Congressmen and Senators combined!

"The Greenbackers want to flood the country with paper notes, without having true money, – Gold or Silver, back of it.

"Suppose a man in the community owes a large amount of money, and this is known to every one.

"People know that he cannot pay it, for a long time at least. If for new transactions, his notes are offered, they will be taken at a heavy discount, should any body be willing to touch them at all.

"So with our Government. It owes about $1,500,000,000, which will take years to pay, and yet these Greenbacker fools want to issue new notes and force them on the community of this country and the world, to be at a discount in the future.

"The National Bank System is the best and safest that can be devised, for giving us a safe currency, at present; but this would be my plan: — to pay off the National Debt as soon as possible, for Nations have no right to be always under heavy debt, any more than individuals, – and *then*, not until, issue notes, every dollar of which to have a coin dollar, in Gold or Silver, in the United States Treasury, subject to demand. These Gold and Silver dollars should be equal, according to the market of the world.

"There comes up the Silver question, which is agitating our people.

"Our fathers at Washington are trying, by putting a Government stamp on a coin dollar, containing only 80 cents worth of silver, to make its citizens believe it is equal in value to a Gold dollar, which would bring 100 cents in the markets of the world.

"They might as well impress the figure of an American eagle

on a cobble stone, and attempt to make the nations believe that it is as good as Gold; the fact being only that one contains more silver than the other.

"Statistics say there were about $30,000,000, in Gold, and $48,000,000, Silver, produced in the United States for the year 1884.

"Divide the whole amount of these metals up into fractions, say grains, and there will be several particles of Silver to one of Gold.

"If no other coin were in the world, this would be the exact proportionate value; but every other country having its stock, and producing more all the time, the amount of Silver we ought to put in our dollar should be what a Gold dollar will purchase of the bright coin, on an average, in the market of the world."

"You do not make any allowance for these metals being put to other uses besides money," added Mr. Wilton.

"Yes, that should be considered, also," acknowledged his friend.

"There is very little difference between the platforms of the two great parties, on the various subjects brought up to the public mind, at present, the prominent conservative men of each thinking about the same.

"Tariff and Free Trade resolve themselves down to this, with the clear headed man, that we should put just enough duties on imports to protect our industries from foreign competition, without making large margins of profit for the monopolists in this country, which profits come out of the people at large.

"Where there are many workmen to do a job, labor is cheap and money is dear, and where there are few, money is cheap and labor is dear.

"We cannot compete with Europe, in many things, for there are so many more people there,– her teeming millions enabling cheap labor to undersell us; so away with the idea of entire Free Trade, until our labor becomes as cheap as theirs."

"What do you think are the problems that threaten our people most, in the future?" asked the Northern man.

Mr. Clement replied:— "The encroachments of monopolists,

Railroads and other rich corporations, which manipulate the votes of the lower classes and even control legislatures.

"Then there is a religious question that I can see looming up in the future, though it pains me that there should be such a consideration brought into the politics of a country which was founded with the idea of separating all such thoughts or associations from its Government."

CHAPTER XIX.

"I believe in that saying:– 'That all men are born free and equal,' " continued Mr. Clement.

"This applies to the babe and ten year old child, as much as the grown man, but does not infer that they should vote or take part in governing our country.

"The negro, in the South, and the low Foreign element of the North, are mere babes in the political family, and should not be allowed to take part in its government.

"There are thousands of grown negroes in the South, who cannot tell who is President of the United States, and a half grown American boy knows much more about our institutions than a majority of the middle aged Foreign element.

"Irishmen and Germans, who are the scum of the population at home, however ignorant and illiterate, in an incredible short time are placed on an equality with the best of any community in *this* country.

"There are less bad results to be anticipated from a manipulation of the ignorant negro vote; because they are most all Protestants,– Methodists or Baptists, upon the principles of which our Government and Institutions are founded, and the controllers are Anglo-Saxons, principally, of the same faith.

"But the low Foreign element, of the North, which elects the Judges, Congressmen, Statesmen, and I may say even Presidents, are Roman Catholics, nothing but vassals of the Pope of Rome.

Bishop Ireland preached, under date of November 16th, 1885,

at St. Martins Church, Baltimore, advocating the Union of Church and State.

"Few people know what an immense power and influence this scum of the earth vote has upon the destinies of this country.

"A soldier of ordinarily well-trained mind, and at the head of one thousand well-trained num-skulls, can trash twenty Shakespeares, physically.

"The priests rule the leaders of Tammany, Tammany rules New York City, New York City rules the State, and the State most always carries the Presidency.

"So it is with other parts of the Government, and what position does the great Protestant Anglo-Saxon element occupy ?

"Oh, yes, when they are put down, they cannot be kept there; but the easiest way is the best, namely, cut the root of the evil.

"All power in this country comes from the elective franchise. In my opinion there should be a standard of education, or intelligence, adopted for voters,– not a property qualification like the British plan. Aesop, Homer and Socrtaes, whose precepts have permeated the social and political intricacies of the ages, were penniless.

"This would not be a reflection on the negro, particularly, but would apply to the Irish, Chinese, or any other class of citizens.

"Then the law should be, in regard to immigrants, that every foreigner entering this country shall live here twenty-one years, (the length of time it takes for our Anglo-Saxon children to become grown, politically,) and then be allowed to vote.

"This country was founded by our fathers for their American children, and not to be turned over to Foreigners, who are 'aginst the Gouverment, as soon as they touch our soil.

"And what are we going to do about 'strikes!'

"The order of things seeme to be changed, and instead of Caesar swaying Rome, it is just the opposite.

"But I would much prefer to be under the control of a few wealthy men, who have intellect and discretion, than subject to that of the lower classes, bearing the name of "Labor Unions,"

which are little less than mobs.

"Better have Louis than the French Guillotine!

"I disagree with you, in your ideas regarding the Roman Catholics and their intentions. They have some admirable institutions, and you cannot deny that they are the conservators of society, in one instance at least, and that is the sacredness with with they hold the marriage tie. Upon this foundation the whole social system rests, and if it is in any way affected, the whole superstructure will come down.

"You are the representative of a large class, but do not be so extreme in your views; for a great deal of harm will be accomplished by adopting ultra ideas, even as much so as those whom you are attacking!" Mr. Wilton said this rather emphatically.

"I admire them for that, and acknowledge there is a great deal of good among them," continued Mr. Clement.

"If the Republicans of the North, who represent the intelligence, wealth and back-bone of that section, and the Democracy of the South, occupying the same position *there*, would unite in action, according to my views, there will be no more trouble in regard to the negro population, in politics, nor with the low Foreign element of the higher latitude.

"Then the leader of Tammany will no longer manipulate his myrmidons in New York City; for according to the Constitution, as it should be, thousands could not vote, and the City would be controlled by those Giant intellects of trade, who have so little to say in its Government now."

Here Mr. Wilton asked:— "What do you think about our next Presidential Election?"

"I think," replied the other, " if Mr. Cleveland continues his present plan of reform in the Civil Service, and other ways, he will be elected again by the good men of both parties, though there *may* be a great many discontented Democrats and Republicans."

Clearview's berth was made up now, and in a short while he fell asleep, dreaming that a lovely form was in his arms.

CHAPTER XX.

It was the first week in April, and Miss Callie had just gotten out of bed. She was a mere shadow and had to be rolled around in a chair, not being able to walk at all.

The doctor said a change would do her good, but advised that she should not be taken home, at once, for it would be better to make a gradual change of climate.

Mr. Clairo decided to go to Atlanta, and stay there until his daughter were quite strong again.

The middle of the month was reached before they were found in that city, at the Kimball House.

Spring had arrived in full verdure, and her new dress, for the coming year, looked very beautiful.

The air was balmy and redolent with flowers, and the Mocking Birds proved to be a well-spring of melody to the Northern ear.

They took the convalescent out into the fresh atmosphere whenever the day was fine, as often as possible, giving her short trips to the places of interest near by, and pretty drives into the suburbs.

Mobilia was sad during these days. Not knowing the rules of the Post Office, in regard to sending letters, she had not requested the clerk at Jacksonville to forward hers; hence, no news from her husband had been received for a long time.

She wrote to him in Chicago, but the Hotel clerk, like many of the kind do, instead of forwarding Clearview's letters to New York, as requested, simply placed them in the bundle of letters to be called for, marked "C."

So lonesome did she feel sometimes that the tears would fall from those bright eyes, and Alice, seeing them, would get up into her lap, saying:— "*I* love you."

Clearview was quite as anxious to hear from his wife, but he had to travel backwards and forwards between Chicago and New York, several times in the last month.

That, in conjunction with having to attend to other business, which was postponed during his recreation in the South, had entirely undone his correspondence.

He would have gladly thrown up the whole business, to see his wife, but others were interested besides himself. Professional pride and the protection of his clients had to be considered, and then his marriage was a secret, having not been revealed even to his partner.

Mobilia at last concluded to write to him in New York, care of Dizzurne & Clearview, Attorneys, giving information where she was.

She also said that it was the intention of the Clairos to remain there until the warm weather came on, and then to seek the mountains of North Carolina.

Her letter also told him De Balbao had been there, once, and had taken Miss Callie out to drive several times.

Rejoiced was Clearview to hear from her, and he determined to go down to Atlanta as soon as arrangements could be made; but this did not happen; for, hearing some other news, and that Mr. Clairo was coming North, he determined to stay where he was.

Mobilia used to take Alice in the afternoon frequently, get on the Peach Tree Street cars and ride out to Ponce de Leon Spring, which is situated in a pretty grove of trees at the end of the city, and quite a resort for children.

Going to the Post Office one day, on the way, she was greatly rejoiced to receive a letter, addressed as before:— "Miss Mabel Juno."

It was full of passionate love, and regrets at not hearing from her for so long a time; also of reasons why her letters had not reached him, and why he did not come to be near her.

This is the way it concluded:—

"Now, my own love, I have some news that will rejoice your heart, as it does mine, for your sake.

"My detectives have been at work, for months, and have at last been able to get hold of the iron box belonging to Miss Domaine,

marked 'B,' in which she kept the letters, received from Mr. Clairo, Sr. for years.

"It is locked up safely ; I have read all the letters, and the poor lady is in ignorance yet of her loss.

"Beautiful sweetheart and wife, I can now inform you that your maiden name was not Mobilia *Domaine*, – but Mobilia *Lane!*

"You are a child of one of the oldest, wealthiest and most aristocratic families of the South.

"Your father was formerly from Mobile, Alabama, had you named after that city, and you are the peer of the highest in this or any other country.

"I will be with you as soon as arrangements can be made, when everything shall be explained.

"Good-bye, my bride.

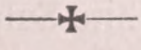
"Your proud

"Alexander."

She sat on the bed, in Alice's room, reading this letter, and when it was finished, no great demonstrations were made, but she laid back softly on the pillow, pressed the letter to her heart and closed her eyes, while a smile of sweet ecstacy overspread the lovely features.

Long she reclined in a trance of delight, with only one motion perceptible, and that was the rise and fall of her gentle bosom, indicative of the calm peace and joy below.

CHAPTER XXI.



May had almost gone, and Clearview had not made his appearance in Atlanta yet.

Mobilia was contented though, for she had received frequent letters from her husband.

It was a bright afternoon on the thirtieth day of the month, when she and Alice alighted from the car at the terminus, in the grove near Ponce de Leon Spring.

"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed a young lady, in a carriage driving by, with her father and mother.

It was Miss Sallie Grant, one of the prettiest girls in Atlanta.

"And what a lovely woman!" said the mother, turning to look at them as they took their seats on a bench in the grove.

Alice began to talk to some of the children, who were swinging near by, and a fine looking man approached to a respectful distance of Mobilia. In a hesitating manner, he took off his hat and said to her:— "I hope you will not take me to be too inquisitive in asking if your name is not Mobilia?"

She thought the face had been seen before, but did not know whether to allow a stranger to engage her in conversation or not.

He appeared to be so respectful and polite though, that she let him speak to her, and soon found out it was the man who had looked at them so hard, in the street car at New Orleans.

It was almost dark before they quitted their conversation and left that bench; then the three rode into the city, on the cars together.

CHAPTER XXII.

Several letters had been received by Clearview from Mrs. Fresco, stating she had had such a pleasant time in Mobile that it seemed almost impossible to get away; but now her day of departure was fixed positively for the first of June.

According to her intentions, she was now in New York getting some dresses made, and otherwise making preparations to spend the Summer at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, which celebrated resort she had never visited.

Her good lawyer friend had informed her before she quitted the South, that Henry Fresco was no longer in New York, but had returned to the far West.

Clearview had called to see her and was told she would go to "White Sulphur", though a little early, on first of July.

How he longed to see Mobilia! but it would not be right to

leave his aged partner the heavy burdens to carry; and then he had no excuse to go, unless the secret were revealed.

This could not be done, for Mr. Dizzurne was one of those strict, proud aristocrats, who never tolerated anything but that would bear the *on dit* of *his* set in society.

Mobilia had written, in her last letter, that Miss Calie would visit the "White Sulphur," after staying at Ashville, North Carolina, awhile, in company with Miss Gybe and a chaperon; leaving Mrs. Clairo, herself and Alice, to come later on.

"So he concluded to wait until that time, get leave of absence then, meet them at the Springs, and take Mobilia right away.

They should be married after that, in public, as soon as possible. There was some other business though to attend to, right off.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Clairo had come North, bringing Harry only with him.

He was reading the news in his palatial residence, quietlly, Saturday morning, when a servant interrupted him by handing a telegram, and a book to sign.

It read:—

"New York, June 20th, 1885.

"To William Clairo,

Philadelphia.

"Could you be kind enough to meet me at Hotel Lafayette, this evening after tea? Answer.

"Alexander Clearview."

"What can he want?" muttered the millionaire. It is in regard to my daughter, of course. Well, I could not wish for a better man for her.

"He and Callie must have made up. She loves him, I know." This is the reply he sent:—

"Philadelphia, June 20th, 1885.

"To Alexander Clearview,

Care of Dizzurne & Clearview,

New York.

"I will meet you with pleasure.

"William Clairo."

When Clearview shook hands with him that evening in the Hotel, the greeting of the elder man was so cordial, and the face so beaming, that the heart of the young lawyer almost failed him.

But he had a duty to perform, and was prepared to meet it, both mentally and physically.

They were seated in private for some time, talking pleasantly on general topics, before our young friend could approach the subject of his visit; which he did, at last, by taking out some papers from his pocket and selecting one from them.

Mr. Clairo began to look puzzled, and, when Clearview handed him a telegram, coupled with the following question, his face became serious.

Said Clearview:— "Did you ever see that telegram before?"

It was a copy of the message sent by the old gentleman, just before his death, requesting his son to bring the man opposite him.

The face of the millioniare turned red as he stammered:—

"Yes! – I – I – I!" Then an indignant look came over it, as he continued:— "But where did you get this, and what right have you to meddle with my business, sir?"

"Why did you not speak to me about what your father requested, in the telegram?" asked the lawyer, calmly.

"That is none of your business, sir. Why, I am quite surprised at this impertinence! My mind was made up for a pleasant evening! What reason can you have for purloining my papers, and scrutinizing my private affairs?" exclaimed Mr. Clairo, very angrily, as he rose to his feet.

"Be seated, sir, and hear all, for it will be to your interest to do so! Here is the copy of a letter also, which please look at, and you might as well be calm, for anger will not help in any way," replied Clearview, handing it to him.

He snatched the paper hurriedly, and read the words of his father, written before death at Jacksonville.

"This is a clear case of blackmail, boy, and I will not stand it!

"I did not think that the junior member of Dizzurne & Clearview could stoop to such baseness!" This was said very emphatically, as he took his hat to leave; but hesitating, he turned and continued, in a more moderate voice:— "I can scarcely believe my senses. What are you trying to do, anyhow?"

"You had better sit down, and listen to me quietly, Mr. Clairo, for your own good. I am after seeing that an orphan girl, left under the guardianship of your father, and somewhat under yours, has her rights and is not deprived of her property!" answered the lawyer.

The elder man stood thunderstruck; his mouth opened in silence, and his hat dropped from his hand to the floor; but, recovering himself, he paced the floor rapidly, exclaiming:—

"And this is why you have come under my roof so often! Under the pretence of courting my daughter, you have been working up a case.

"I thought you were an honorable man, and anticipated a nearer relationship, once; but *this* is beyond endurance." These last words were uttered in a half pathetic voice, as he sank on the sofa, though he looked at the young man defiantly, who showed that he was moved, but did not lose his self composure in pity for a former friend.

"How do you know that Mobilia had any property, and in whose hands it was? It must be *she* to whom you refer, and whom you have succeeded in getting as a client.

"Suppose I deny that my father ever was her guardian, and ever had any of her money; *how* could you make any such assertion?" continued the millionaire.

Clearview put his hand on a bundle of papers resting on the table, and said:— "I have your father's letters, for twenty years, written to the lady in whose charge Mobilia was placed, and I am sure *that* will give proof enough.

Mr. Clairo sprang to the table, seized the bundle, and made as if he would destroy them.

"Destroy them, if you like, sir. They are only exact *copies*, and

I have the originals in New York," quietly remarked the lawyer, and then went on saying, as the other pulled out several letters to hurriedly glance over them:—

"Listen to me, Mr. Clairo, I have always borne a great deal of respect for yourself and family, and must confess having had serious intentions of asking your daughter's hand in marriage; but recent events and the knowledge of this injustice have changed everything.

"Yes, Mobilia *is* my client. Our intercourse was entirely accidental, and my attentions would no doubt be right now directed to your daughter, if it had not been for her.

"In other words, I *love* Mobilia and she is now my *wife!*"

Before Clearview could rise or prevent, he found himself seized by the throat, as the other hissed in his rage:— Villain! You have married this woman for her money, but you shall not have it!"

Mr. Clairo was a strong man, but he was dealing with one a good deal younger, who loosened himself very quickly, as they rolled over on the floor.

He then locked the door, put the key in his pocket, pulled out a revolver, put it back again, and remarked:—

"You had better deal gently; for I am prepared for emergencies."

Mr. Clairo reseated himself on the sofa, and, after regaining his breath, asked in a low, husky voice:—

"What will satisfy you?"

"Of course you will not believe me, but I am prepared to prove it by the very best authority, that when Mobilia married me, I neither knew who she really was, nor if she had a cent in the world.

"I want only my wife's property," replied Clearview.

"What amount do you call that?"

"Well, one of these letters says she was left, in your father's hands, one million dollars."

"Add the interest, for twenty years, to that, and you will owe her two million, two hundred thousand dollars!"

The elder man hid his head on the sofa, and groaned. He then raised himself, saying impulsively:—

"Suppose I refuse to give this! what could you do?"

"What could I do?" asked Clearview, "That is an odd question to ask an Attorney, who has such an undoubted case. You do not want to have your dishonesty brought before the public gaze, do you?"

"If two million dollars were taken from me, I would be a ruined man," uttered the other.

"It is not my purpose to distress you, Mr. Clairo, but it is only justice for me to demand what you owe Mobilia. In financial circles your estimated worth is from two to three millions!"

"Father and I have *made* money, and *lost*, and our assets now would not foot up more than two millions."

Mr. Clairo had assumed a very respectful tone, and our young friend remarked kindly:—

"If you will turn over to me, at once, the value of one million, five hundred thousand dollars, I will let you off for the balance, if my wife agrees; otherwise the whole amount shall be fought for."

It was late in the night before Mr. Clairo left the hotel, for their conference lasted until Clearview was satisfied; but the former millionaire went away gloomy enough, because his riches had been greatly reduced since the day before. The next day the lawyer received a challenge from Harry Clairo.

"Poor fellow! I have deprived him of not only a sweetheart, but a future legacy," muttered Clearview, as he sat down to write him a note in reply, which read:—

"My good fellow;

"I have honored your father and grandfather; had friendship for your mother; loved your sister, and bear *you* nothing but good will, now.

"Whatever my actions have been in the last few hours, they have been prompted by a sense of duty, and love of my wife.

"Declining to accept your challenge, and hoping your antipathy to me will soon be changed to friendship,

"I am

"Yours respectfully,

"Alexander Clearview."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The following letter was received by Clearview, from Mrs. Fresco, on July the 22nd: —

"Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs,
West Virginia, July 20th, 1885.

"My dear friend;

"From the fact of it being early in the season, I have not written again, since my last, announcing having arrived here safely, and because little has transpired to give me material for composition.

"But, hereafter, everything will be related as if you never had been here before, and *then* I can write more often.

"Including my friends, who met me with a warm reception at the depot, there were few people here when I came, – stated to be about one hundred and twenty.

"The cool weather kept a great many in the cities, who intended to come early, and the young people do not care to be at a place like this until it is announced that the band has arrived.

"This important event of the season, (for what is a Summer resort without music,) took place on the tenth, and the ball room was then opened.

"At first there were few people on the floor, the dancing being informal, and even *now* the gentlemen just begin to appear in their 'swallow-tails,' and the ladies in full dress.

"Outside of my own immediate circle, some very agreeable people have been met, namely, the Lyons, of Alabama; Stuarts, of Virginia, and Jones, of Richmond.

"Miss Susie Stuart is a niece of the celebrated Confederate chieftan, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and Miss Mary Morris Jones is one of the belles, of dark hair and fascinating manners.

"The two Misses Heuy, whom I have seen in society at home several times, came early.

"They are very fine looking girls, especially the dark-haired, but have distant and haughty manners.

"The Misses Gillery are close associates with them, and people say this 'set' is quite exclusive; something unusual at a Southern Summer resort.

"So it appears to me, and their air is this:— 'Society belongs to the elegant, and we are the elegant!'

"The venerable Mr. Corcoran, a philanthropist of Washington, is here with his family, and occupies the cottage at head of walk on east end of parlor.

"Miss Jones, his niece, is a pleasant lady, and his grandniece, Miss Mary Nicholson, is a beautiful girl.

There were some tableaux given here, several nights since, in which the beauties of the Springs shone resplendent.

"Miss Nellie Ross, of Mobile, Ala., seemed to be the leading spirit, in getting them up, and her part of 'Rosamond' was very well taken.

"She is a pretty and *petite* blonde, while Miss Jewett, of New York, who represented 'Queen Eleanor,' is a magnificent brunette, and was a queeen in every respect.

These were the other representations:—

" 'PROGRAMME.

" 'Marriage Under the Directory,
" 'Listening at the Door,
" 'Clochette,
" 'Town and Country Courtship,
" 'Comin' Thro' the Rye,

" 'INTERMISSION.

" 'Mistress Mary, How does your Garden Grow?
" 'Queen Eleanor and Rosamond,
" 'Three Young Maids of Lea,
" 'Three Old Maids of Lea,
" 'Two is Company,
" 'Artist's Studio.'

"These tableaux went off very well, with the exception of a little trouble, once, in the curtain arrangement.

"To day I met Miss A. L. Baxter, of New York, who is a pretty, black-eyed lady. Her friend, Miss Kate E. Thomas, of Washington, is a charming companion. A short time after, I was introduced to Misses Hill and Joy, of St. Louis.

"My time has been consumed by taking walks and drives.

" 'Lovers' Leap' is a long, shady and beautiful walk, around the edge of a hill, which overhangs a little river, rippling through the meadows below.

"There is a precipitous descent, in a certain place, where some poor unfortunate once leaped on account of love; from which fact the name of the walk is derived. I never could get a consistent story told about it.

"Anyhow it is a famous resort for couples, who seek the benches of the shady nooks, to tell their woes and be requited.

"I took a stroll with some married ladies yesterday, and we startled several on our way.

"Of course we go regularly to the great 'Sulphur Spring', but at the distance of a nice walk, around to the West, near the cemetery on the hill, is the 'Iron Spring', which is visited by many.

"There are many other walks, one of which is the climb up 'Kate's Mountain', a whole day's trip, and the best drive, having the prettiest scenery, is to the 'Grant Farm'.

"I have been getting posted in regard to the localities, and acquainted with the people as the number gradually begins to swell.

"Seven hundred visitors are said to be here now, and before the

'season' is out, the latter part of August, there will be from eighteen hundred to two thousand.

"I have a nice seat in the dining room, only several tables from the double folding doors, which open into the parlor.

"They are generally kept open, and a fair chance is offered to see the ladies, especially, who generally come to the parlor before going to their meals. This is said to be the largest dining room in the world.

"Miss Lee, Gen. Lee, and Robert E. Lee, Jr., the children of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate States' Armies, are here.

"We have a poet from Alabama, who has engratiated himself into my favor so much that I have consented to be his *confidente*.

"You had better come and help me out, for several others have asked me to do the same thing.

"The 'Poet' says he wants some girl to mingle her rainbow tints with his dull color; in other words, he wants me to help him get a sweetheart.

"At first I thought this young man to be a flirt, and watched him closely.

"One day he would appear to be desperately in love with a certain girl, and the next he would be with another.

"On being accused of fickleness and flirting, he replied:—

" 'The fire-flies and glow-worms are very attractive now, but when the Queen of Heaven rises into the horizon of my night, these eyes shall rest alone upon her loveliness!'

"There is another new friend, who strangely interests me, and I will not mention his name, because I want you to find him out.

"When one enters into conversation with him, he gazes with a kind and gentle smile; but his eyes begin to grow larger, dilate, and a strange fascination takes the beholder, until I feel like rushing into their liquid depths!

"He acknowledged that his ruling passion is – Love of Woman, and a feeling akin to fear passes over me, in the presence of this nature, (so much like the sun,) which imperceptibly and

quietly absorbs one, or burns all up in its heat!

"What a wonderful and hidden fire this love is!

"What a bright and peculiar light it makes in the eye! discernable only by woman. What rich and delicate overtones, it modulates in the voice! caught only by the sensitive feminine ear. What gentle and beautiful curves it shades in every motion! noticed only by the poetic eye of the more impressionable sex.

"Speaking of the poetic, I enclose some verses suggested to the writer while here, which he said might be shown if no names are mentioned:—

"A TALE.

" The days were growing shorter,
And the months flitted along;
The mountains rumbled deeply,
And this was their hoarse song:—

" 'A man once loved a maiden,
In the valley there below,
And his heart began to soften
Like the sun will melt the snow.

" 'That heart was full of music,
And those feelings deep and strong;
But hers was full of fashion,
And she cared not for his song.

" 'He loved the stately maiden,
Though she spurned him every day,
And growing ill and weary,
He Northward turned his way.'

" The years flew by, and often
She heard his name resound;
How sad it is that sometimes
The lost is *never* found!"

"I have forgotten to name some of the beaux, who are scarce yet.

"The principal ones are:— Messrs. Nelms and Thomas, of Baltimore; Antrimme, Price and Branch, of Richmond; Judkins, of Va; Robertson and McHugh, of South Carolina; Goldthwaite, Stokes, Wilson and Ingram, of New York; Waguespack, Le Jendre and Violet, of New Orleans; Miller, of Mobile; Dr. Scratchly, and McLeod, of Scotland.

"Some of the pretty married ladies are as follows:— Mesdames Carlyle, of Washington; Allen, the Richmond beauty; Rogers, of Minneapolis; Blanchard, of Shreveport; Pinson and McCown, of Memphis; Polk, Rheinhart and Donnell, of New York; Chopin and Grant, of Atlanta; Merriweather, of Louisville; Walton, of Norfolk; Christian and Leary, of Richmond; and Smith, of Washington.

"This is a sort of *dolce far niente* life. After breakfast the married people sit around the porches with their books and papers, reading, and a little later get up some game of cards; the young people pair off to take walks, play Lawn Tennis, go to the Bowling Alley, or to generally do nothing, seated under the shady trees.

"Several days ago there was a very pleasant game of Progressive Euchre played; gotten up by Mr. Thomas, of Baltimore.

"The music begins just before dinner, which warns all of that important event of the day. In the afternoon, every one retires to private life, except a few restless spirits, and the married men who sit for hours at their game of Whist.

"The veterans of this occupation are:— Messrs. Jewett, Venable, Bosher, Drs. Polk and Warren, Judge Gilbert, Admiral Wells and Captain William Stanley, who seem to enjoy themselves very much.

"At night dancing begins, the children mostly occupying the floor from eight to nine; and *afterwards*, those of older and more stately step consume the hours.

"But the 'season' has hardly begun yet, and fearing to have wearied you with a description of what you have often seen, I will close.

"As ever,

"C. Fresco."

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was quite a while before Clearview received another letter, which read as follows:—

"Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs,
West Va., August 11th, 1885.

"Dear friend;

"I am sitting on the broad porch, just outside of my room, which gives me a fine view to the Northward.

"The green lawn, and its shade trees, with cottages on its right and left borders, the Post Office, Sulphur Spring house, Bowling Alley, walk that slopes down to the little bridge over Howard's Creek, the surroundings of the far-off Race Track, and the distant mountains, all animated by the moving visitors visible, make a very pleasing *ensemble* to the eye.

"Music from the Band Stand floats to me, and with such pleasures of sight and sound, this afternoon I feel inspired to write.

"Under the trees in the distance there is a couple in *tête-à-tête*, familiar to the eye, and which brings up many associations.

"Perhaps you can guess that they are Miss Callie and De Balbao.

"Her party came on the first of the month, and the Spaniard has been here several days.

"She is not very strong yet, and being in mourning in addition, of course gaiety is not sought; but a great many admirers seek her company.

"The 'season' is now at its height, each one vieing with the other to see what a good time she or he can have.

"Morning Germans, Lawn Parties, Breakfasts, Champagne Suppers, Late Dinners, and Teas, – given by individuals, follow each other in rapid succession.

"The celebrated 'Tread Mill' was started about two weeks ago, which is a circle of handsomely dressed couples promenading around the divan in the middle of the parlor.

"It is a beautiful sight to sit, (if one is fortunate enough to get a seat,) and watch them as they pass, two by two.

"There is more beauty, elegance and refinement observed, and I think the ladies are more tastefully dressed, than at Saratoga.

"Not as much jewelry is to be seen, nor do as many millionaires seek this resort; but it seems to me I have met fewer objectionable people here, than anywhere, at a place of its kind, in the world.

"Several days since, all heard there would be singing in the parlor.

"It was in the morning, and the large room was soon filled with listeners. Mrs. Carlyle, of Washington, a full and rich soprano, and Mr. Grant, of Richmond, a well known bass voice, rendered a duet.

"I never saw such a distinguished audience before in my life; made doubly noticeable for being entirely unpremeditated.

"There were Governors, Judges, Senators, Representatives, Ministers, Lawyers, Admirals, Bankers, Generals and Poets, – men of eminence, and women suited to be their mates, to be seen like children, standing and sitting in rapt attention.

"To-day I have had the pleasure of meeting the Louisville Poet, Mr. Douglass Sherley. He is a gentleman of kind face and manners, and his works are well known.

"The daughters of Generals Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart have been met, also.

"Tournaments, Straw Rides, Phantom Parties, and other excitements, seem to be agitating the ever active youthful mind. There was a Baseball match several days since, the participants in which played dressed in 'Mother Hubbards.'

"It is a practice, after every one of these events, as well as the Morning Germans, to have a photograph taken of the group which took part.

"The finest night German of the season, which began at eleven o'clock, is known as the 'Stuart German,' and the favors were particularly admired.

"Yesterday the young men gave a mule race, witnessed by about one thousand people, and it was very amusing to see representatives of some of the first families in the country, as jockeys, trying to make their animals come in last.

"This is a copy of a little poem, written for the occasion and read before the people:—

"'THE RACE.

"'Do you know of a place where sweetest of air
Cools the hot Summer months, so tedious to bear?
Where 'neath the cool shade, with mountains around,
The youth and the maiden take walks to the sound
Of music, which echoes through Nature's broad aisles,
Whether one is rejected, or has her bright smiles?
Where woman looks best and works her own will
In the Ball, at the table, or in the "Tread-mill"?
Where couples rejoice, (but sometimes they weep,)
When they've come from a stroll round cool "Lover's Leap"?
'Tis the prettiest place, where laughter e'er rings!
Yes, here is our scene, at "White Sulphur Springs."

"'What is it that seems to enliven them all?
It is not a tableau, it is not a Ball!
The German we've had, to the twinkle of feet,
With clouds of rich dress, – to see was a treat;
Excursions are good – Oh, yes, in their place!
But nothing is like an old fashioned race!

"'Come with me, my friends, and let us go there;
Let us off to the race, and throw away care.
Our beauties, our sponsors will grant us some smiles,
And to see your true love you would go many miles.
I see them right now, in positions of grace,
With beauty expressed in the form, in the face;
And who'd not strive hard to win, get a prize,
If encouraged by belles with those beautiful eyes?
The lovely are there – now list to their names –
The sweet débutantes, and young married dames;

Kind chaperons, too, look on and enjoy
The loves of the young, which should never annoy.
The first to be seen are those whom all like –
Misses Stuart, Nicholson, Van Wyck;
Sharp and Jones, who every year
In kind, sweet smiles will oft appear;
Ford, Caldwell, Gregg and Littlefield,
(Who would not to them homage yield?)
Cullen, Bruce and Thomas fair,
Those of the black and golden hair;
Abercrombie, Cochran, – all have heard
Their songs, which rival any bird;
Who are those from "Crescent City"?
Misses Jackson, Pettit, wise and witty;
Kentucky's beauties also shine
In Cook, Todd, Green, of features fine,
And Marshall, Eaches, who delight
The men, by conversation bright;
Phelps and Gilbert, who can show
Bright features like the sunset glow;
Snyder, Jamison and Leigh,
Whom every one rejoices to see;
Grinter, Dozier, Hamilton,
It is said, they many hearts have won;
Maury, Montague, high-born,
The former champion of the lawn;
Ross and Stephenson and Fall,
Queens of the parlor and the Ball;
Richmond surely has her share
In Handy, Branch, who hearts ensnare;
Saunders, McKim, Lockwood cheer
The hearts of those who oft come near;
Rogers, Blanchard, Merriwether,
Cook and Allen stand together.

" 'Now haste to the Race, which soon will begin,
For all must be there to see who will win!'

"I am going over to Beauregard Baths, to-morrow, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, to take a nice cold-water bath. The distance is only a good walk; but if it is too warm we will ride.

Miss Anna Smith, of Baltimore, gave a nice tea, at her residence near Dry Creek, several days ago, to which the *élite* went.

"Quite a pleasant party sits at our table in the dining-room, which consists of Doctor Lake, of Virginia; Doctor and Mrs. Warren, of Mobile; Prof. McCabe, of Petersburg; Doctor Hoge, of Richmond; Mr. Hutchins, of Washington; and Misses Marshall and Eaches, of Louisville.

"On Sundays, we have the privilege of attending either the Methodist or Episcopal Churches.

"Reverend Mr. McKim, of New York, preached last Sunday, at the Episcopal Chapel, and a fine sermon it was. There have been services by the Bishop of this Diocese, also.

"The choir, which is made up of amateurs, – the *créme de la créme* of the Springs, does excellently well, and I enjoy their music.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The young man, who has put so much confidence in me, seems to have met his destiny, or preference, at last; for listen to the following verses shown to me, and which he said I might show if no names were mentioned:—

" 'Why was it he walked with head cast down?
Why was it his heart was sad?
It seemed that the clouds of a deep, deep frown,
Upon his soul, he had.

" 'No longer was bright that tender eye,
And expression's curves were gone;
For the inexpressible stamp of a sigh
Overspread the face forlorn.

" 'He walked to the forest, where Nature was queen,
For he loved to catch her smile;
But no bewitchery now was seen,
And naught served to beguile.

" 'The wind stole by the poet's ear,
And whispered in sympathy:—
"What troubles thee, brother, O let me cheer
Thy heart to minstrelsy!"

" 'A bird flew down, at his listless feet,
And chirped its sweet, sweet song:—
"My poet, so gentle, we're glad to greet
Thee here; what is it goes wrong?"

" 'The grass bowed its head; the clover, the flowers;
And sighed-out the wee little ant;
The voice-leaves of trees and the deep thunder-powers
Condoled in a kind minor chant.

" 'And what said the mountains, and what did the rill?
The clouds and the drops of the rain,
As he lay on the sward, so lifeless and still?
And they spoke like they too were in pain:—

" ' "O brother, we know that thou art our friend!
No harm can come from *that* hand;
Thy heart beats with ours, thy ears attend
To sounds none understand!

" ' "Now cast thy eye on us, and once more rejoice,
As thou didst in the days that are past;
For thy sight we'll give beauty, thy ear we'll give voice,
And why should this deep sadness last?"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" 'Hark! dearest of friends, to the engine's loud shriek!
It wakes me from Summer dreams, bright;
The rush and the strife of the world I must seek,
If I'd conquer in the fight.

" 'Yes, I must paint the dark tints of life,
On the canvass of coming years;
Your colors shall shine though, through the strife,
From its picture of joys and tears.

" 'In the days that are gone, you did soothe my grief,
But now the pow'r has fled,
And where your communion gave relief,
Its efficacy's dead!

" ' "Oh! no!" they said, through the echo-tree,
And the poet wailed reply:—
"The one I love does not love me!"
And the wind moaned out – "Good-bye!"'

"Miss Hull, of Memphis, invited me to a dinner, which was accepted.

"I will give the names of the fine gentlemen and beautiful girls that were there. They were:—

Belles.	Beaux.
Miss Olivia Hill,	Mr. Jo. Lane Stern,
Miss Jessie Alcorn,	Mr. M. E. Olmstead,
Miss Louise Sneed,	Mr. Irwin Jamison,
Miss Gertrude Alcorn,	Col. J. M. Johnston,
Miss Caldwell,	Mr. J. M. Overton,
Miss Otey Cullen,	Mr. R. Devereux Doyle,
Miss Ella H. Thomas,	Mr. George Ernest Miller,
Miss Lena Jackson,	Mr. H. C. Chamblin,
Miss Mildred Lee,	Col. A. W. Hamilton,
Miss Stansberry,	Mr. John R. Ficklin,
Miss Susie Stuart,	Mr. Morton,
Miss Jones,	Mr. A. L. Maddox,

Mr. H. B. Tompkins.

Chaperons.

Mrs. Pinson, Mrs. McCown.

"The Misses Alcorn, daughters of Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, gave a complimentary Lawn Party, and I was honored again with an invitation.

"One of our poets here wrote some verses descriptive of it, a copy of which reads:—

"'A LAWN PARTY.

" 'Now whither, O Cupid! do listen I pray;
Why haste thee so fast, on this beautiful day?
"Come with me!" he said, as he stopped by my side,
"And I'll show you a scene, that can't be defied."

" 'The sky shed its light, like the blush on the cheek
Of the girl in her 'teens, whom an artist might seek;
The mountains looked down, in their first Autumn tints,
And nodded to couples, to give gentle hints

" 'To hasten their courtship, for Summer fled fast,
And the day of vacation would end soon, at last.
He drew me along, and told many things
That he saw, and would see at "White Sulphur Springs."

" 'But said he, in tones of the deepest delight:—
"You now will behold the prettiest sight
That's offered to man in the soft Summer days,
When the youth and the maiden succomb to my ways.

" ' "Two dark pretty girls, as ever were born,
Are the ones whom I seek, the Misses Alcorn.
With hearts all aglow for their friends, they agreed
To give a nice lunch to Miss Hill and Miss Sneed,

" ' "Who hail from fair Memphis; a bright Southern gem,
In the crown of the cities, she is one of them;
And ask of the people at home, or abroad,
If they know the fair girls who now grace the sward,

" ' "And they'll say:— "In the scenes of the brightest *they* shine,
Where Fashion and Wealth and Grace intertwine
Those joys which add to your masculine bliss;"
Now we must be there! for the scene I would miss

" ' "For nothing, because those scenes are so dear
To my soul; and be careful as we approach near!"
He drew me aloft, by the pow'r of his flight,
And we sat on the limb of a tree, still as night,

" 'Which spread its cool shade on the youthful below,
Who laughed and drank toasts, while the Sprite bent his bow.
I'll tell you the names of the ones who sat there, –
The names of the men, and the maidens so fair;

" 'And they ate and they drank, while the kind chaperons
Beamed on them in smiles, like queens from their thrones.
They sat, two together, – Oh, why should they part,
To leave that cold vacuum in the young heart?

" 'And their spirits were gay, as flowed the champagne,
Which enlivens the mind, like the earth feels the rain.
Hist! if you would hear the names he tells,
Not of the beaux, but of the belles:—

" ' "The Misses Alcorn, Sneed and Hill,–
(I know a Tennessean well!)
Nicholson and Jones and Leigh,–
Now who could name a sweeter three!

" ' "Pitman, Stuart, Phelps, Caldwell,–
Any one of these a belle;
Tucker, Zieland, dark Rambeau,
Who always many graces show.

" ' "The beaux are right,– they know the fair;
Let's see, of *them*, what ones are there:–
There're Chamblin, Nutt and LeJendre kind,
The last who does divert the mind

" ' "Of all, and by his handsome face,
In smiles dispels dark *ennui's* trace;
Tucker, Pleasants, Jamison,
Who always enjoy any fun;

" ' "On Olmstead, Sneed, the party boasts,–
And Doyle, to make the finest toasts;
Maddox, Pitman, Grant and Ross,–
To the party they would be a loss;

" ' "Fogg, McKinney, Hamilton,
Those whom the beauties never shun;
Dudley, Rutherford, Anduried,
They too, the company must need.

" ' "The *Chaperons*, their names now hear,–
Those whom the young will never fear:–
Mesdames Pinson, McCowan, Polk,
And Alcorn,– all those high-born folk."

" 'We sat and saw, to music's strains,
Which gave excitement to our brains,
And when the Sprite drew back his bow,
The ones he wounded, none can know;

" 'But this Lawn Party gave me joy,
And did the care in all destroy!'

"Miss Gybe and I have become as good friends as ever, and her company is enjoyed; for you know how bright she is.

"Her remarks can be filled with more sarcasm than those of any person of my knowledge, and it is amusing to hear her criticise people; but this is not always her mood.

"Etiquette is very strict here, in some particulars; for instance, as regards young ladies, in promenading and sitting on the porches with gentlemen, after dark.

"People have less to say about each other than at more Northern resorts, and one hears very little, if any scandal.

"A lady friend said to me:— 'It is a dangerous thing to start a scandal in the South; for the men, though ordinarily quiet, will fight at a trifle.'

"There was a rumor that two duels were about to be fought. One was occasioned by the rivalry of two young men in their at-

tentions to a young lady from Washington, and the other grew out of some remarks made about the appearance of a Southern man.

"I was almost run over, and very much frightened, while crossing the lawn this morning, by a horse, which, attached to the vehicle, ran regardless of the road, at full speed, scattering everybody before him.

"It belonged to Miss Thomas, of Richmond, a bright girl and charming conversationalist, and who has a sister as sweet as the breath of Spring.

"Miss Callie told me yesterday that Mrs. Clairo, Alice and Mobilia would be here on the thirteenth.

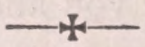
"I must now close, for it is so dark that the location of my lines has to be guessed at. Good-night.

"As ever,

"C. F."

Clearview did not get this letter in New York; for the next day found him at the Springs, where he was quietly and generally recognized as a former leader, competent to make all enjoy themselves.

CHAPTER XXVI.



It was a warm night, and the large Ballroom was full.

Many who could not find seats within, to see the dancers, stood or sat outside at the windows, looking in; in fact, it was much more pleasant on the porch.

"Speaking of being engaged," said Miss Gybe, to a small group, occupying one of the windows with her, "I think the practice, in the North, of announcing engagements is so silly, – another imitation of the English.

"In the South, when two are engaged, it is not heralded to the world, but there is simply an understanding between the ones interested, (who may change their minds at any time,) and the community is not *certain* as to the fact, until the wedding cards are sent.

"There, in case the engagement were broken off, who could say that it was anything but a passing fancy.

"Publishing engagements always seems to me as if the couple either wants to gain notoriety, or that each is afraid the other will be untrue.

"If I could not hold a man without bringing this pressure to bear on him, then welcome celibacy.

"And what good does it do? Society is satisfied when they are joined together as man and wife; then, should a published engagement be broken off, the whole little affair is open to the eyes of all, and gives food for the gossip's tongue."

Replied one of her friends:— "But that gives Southern girls a chance to be engaged to several men at once, and they all become flirts!"

"Well," answered the former, "if that is the tendency, it is better for them to flirt *before*, than to adopt the practice of some of their Northern sisters, – to flirt *after* marriage.

"If I am informed correctly, there are more divorces in the State of Connecticut, yearly, than in all the Southern States put together.

"Who are those two ladies passing?" asked another of the party. "I think the old lady has such an aristocratic face, and there is so much character in it, while the young ones are quite pretty."

"That is Mrs. William McKim, of Baltimore; one of the girls is Miss Lulie McKim, her granddaughter, and the other is Miss Wharton, of Washington.

Let us go to another window, where a gayer group is taking the part of observers.

"There is Mr. Clearview!" exclaimed a fashionably dressed young lady, "I have not seen him dance yet."

"What a beautiful dancer he is, and what a beau he used to be!" said another.

"I guess the fact that Miss Clairo is not here to be his partner, has something to do with it," added another.

"The Spaniard will steal his lady-love, if he does not mind," uttered a chaperon.

"To what do you attribute Mr. Clearview's remarkable success with the ladies?" asked another chaperon, leaning to this lady in a confidential manner.

The first whispered:— "To his innate admiration and love for our sex, and possessing the gift of knowing how to gracefully show it.

"No woman can see love for her exhibited by a *true* man, without being affected!"

Clearview left the Ballroom and came out on the porch, where he joined Mrs. Fresco and her party.

Standing near her, he said:—

"Please point me out all the celebrities, and tell me about them!"

"Follow the room right around, now, said she," and I will name the people, if possible, as they come:—

"That vivacious girl on the end seat, with Mr. Joynes, of Richmond, is Miss Emily Thom, of Washington, who is exceedingly bright. Near her are Misses Coghill and Detreville, of Richmond.

"The gentleman standing, is Mr. Jo. Lane Stern, one of the greatest society men in Virginia, and the lady who sat down is Miss Tucker, a very pretty dancer.

"But the most graceful girl,– the one just accepting her partner, is Miss Nicholson, of Washington.

"This handsome man is Mr. Ives, the youngest member of the New York Legislature, and that is Miss Bethell, of Memphis, near him.

"There goes Ex-Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, with his wife and daughter.

"On that back row of seats you will see Dr. Ross, of Richmond, with his townsmen, Thomas Branch, a well known banker, and James Alfred Jones, a prominent lawyer.

"Dr. Cullen, of the same place, is escorting his wife to a seat,

and just behind are Messrs. Maury, of Washington, and Gregg of Charleston.

"The two tall ladies are the Misses Green, daughters of Dr. Norvin Green, of Louisville, and that is Miss Hinton, accompanied by her father, a banker of Petersburg.

"That is Miss Baker, of Norfolk, passing by us with Col. Robert Swepson, of Knoxville, and see these gentlemen on the porch, going down to the office? They are the celebrated Rev. Drs. J. L. M. Curry and Thomas, of Richmond.

"The lady turning her head this way is Miss Sprigg, of Maryland, and beyond are Senator Gibson, Judges Wylie and Manning, and Gen. King, of Louisiana.

"Those ladies, who are taking ice-water, are Misses Donaldson, of Philadelphia; Phenix, of Washington; and Binse, of New York.

"The gentlemen standing near the door, are Mr. Fry, President of a New York bank, Messrs. Zane, of Louisville; Grant, of Atlanta; and Col. William Johnston, of Georgia.

"That exquisite blonde, by the Colonel, is Miss Mary, his daughter.

"You have a fine memory," said Clearview, as he thanked her. After talking a few moments, he walked down towards the office, alone.

He was very restless, for one, most dear, was expected to arrive on the cars, due at ten o'clock and ten minutes.

It was the practice of many visitors, to leave the Ballroom at this hour and come to the office, to see the omnibus arrive with its load of passengers.

To meet Mobilia *there* would not do; so he concluded to go down to the depot, only several hundred yards away.

Passing the parlor quickly, the broad path was taken, running through the grove of trees, bordered on the left by the long line of white cottages that looked sepulchral in the dim moonlight, and on the other side by the hotel.

His heart beat in excitement at the thought of soon meeting his beautiful bride.

"Hello, Clearview!" exclaimed one of three young men, as he met them near the Branch Cottage, "Where are you going?"

"Only to the depot, to meet some friends. And where have you three been?" replied the lawyer.

"Oh, we have been visiting down to Dry Creek.

"Look out, as you cross the road yonder, for there is a ghost behind one of those trees!" said another.

"You cannot scare me, boys, I have seen too many of them," answered Clearview, passing along laughing, as the moon shone out almost plain as day.

"Let us watch him go by there!" whispered the first speaker; and he drew his comrades into the shade of one of the trees.

Though our friend did scarcely notice the remark of the young man, a glance was given towards the tree mentioned, as he approached.

He was only a few yards off, and, turning his head sideways as he passed, saw a figure spring towards him from behind it, which exclaimed:—

"My turn has come now, John Morton!"

Well enough was that voice known, and Clearview jumped aside as the gleam of a dirk flashed in the eyes, in passing his face.

The man rushed at him again, and the three witnesses approached rapidly.

"Stand back, De Balbao! I say! Come at your peril!" uttered Clearview, revolver in hand, running backwards, as the powerful arm struck at him.

The three men saw it all, heard the report of the revolver, and De Balbao fell face forward into the road!

They were soon bending over the body, by the side of the one attacked, who said:—

"I call you to witness, gentlemen, the deed was done entirely in self-defence!"

The rumbling of the stage was heard as it came from the depot, and the small group in the road was almost run over.

"What is it?" the driver and passengers asked.

They knew very soon, and a crowd collected. A beautiful face looked out of the stage window, and seeing her beloved among the group, Mobilia immediately alighted, was at the lawyer's side, and her arms about his neck.

The man who was with her in Atlanta followed, and tried to restrain her, but he could not.

"He is dead!" said the doctor, "carry him over to that cottage in Broadway Row!"

Mobilia caught sight of his form and face, and quitting her husband bent over the dead man, as if to be sure of the features.

When the light was thrown upon them again she exclaimed wildly, returning to Clearview:—

"Oh, my God! who has killed him? He was my brother!"

The lawyer turned his head away in anguish, and could say nothing; while the body was carried off and the stage moved on.

"Come away from here, Clearview," said one of his friends, seeing his distress and gently taking his arm.

Mobilia clung to him, and her companion of the stage followed, as the lawyer allowed himself to be lead away.

"Where shall we go, Dunning?" asked he, as they walked along.

"Do not go back to the hotel," replied Dunning, "but come with me down to Dry Creek, where we will get accommodations for the night.

"I suppose an officer of the law will come to arrest you after a while, if there is any about here, and it would be less mortifying to be down there."

After they were rid of the crowd, the other man drew the speaker aside, whispered a few words in his ear, and they went on ahead, leaving man and wife together.

"If what you say is true, Mobilia, about De Balbao being your brother, you will not love me any longer, for *I* killed him!" moaned Clearview.

Mobilia's hold about his neck was released, and she fell back against the fence; while her husband intently looked at her.

She seemed to be stunned; then to gain her self-possession, stood erect, gazed a moment at his motionless form, rushed to him, put her arms as before, kissed his lips, and cried, weeping:—

"I would love you if a thousand brothers were killed!"

He then told her how it all happened, and leaning on his arm, they soon entered one of the Dry Creek cottages.

Dunning went back to the Springs, promising to come again later, and the three were left alone.

"What did yon say this man's name is?" asked Clearview.

"This is Link Lane, who was confidential servant of my father. He knows more about my history than anybody in the world, excepting Mr. Clairo," answered Mobilia.

After a long conversation, it was agreed that Link should take her on to New York, and Clearview would follow as soon as possible.

He could not go with them, as the law required to be satisfied in some way, for the death dealt by his hand.

As anticipated, he was taken into custody the next day; but by the aid of his many friends the officers of the law released him to appear at the proper time for trial.

The body of Francisco De Balbao was forwarded to New Orleans, to be deposited by the side of his father, Mr. Alfred Lane.

About one week after, Mobilia welcomed her husband in the Metropolis of this country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the twentieth of August, and when the New York papers came out that morning, those bright eyes in society that are accustomed to look for the announcement of marriages, dilated, and a number of bosoms sighed when the union of Alexander Clearview and Mobilia Lane, in the bonds of matrimony, at Grace Church, was made public.

The ceremony was quietly performed, and very few invitations issued.

"How beautifully she looks!" thought Clearview, as he left the side of a little lady, who had to be wheeled in a chair, to join his wife at the Ladies' Entrance of the Windsor Hotel.

"Who was that?" asked she.

"Little Miss Marion Foster, who is an artist. She and I are old friends.

"Perhaps you may have heard of a brave little woman who shot a burglar, while entering her apartments, at Saratoga, about one year ago. This is the one."

They were soon in their elegant suite of rooms, and when rested, she took out of her pocket something that looked like a legal document.

"What is that?" asked he.

"Will you promise to take it and do as I tell you?" said she, with an arch smile.

"How could I refuse you anything, Mobilia," answered he, tenderly.

"But will you promise?"

"Of course I will, if it can be done consistently," was his answer.

"Well," said she, "when we were married, you promised to endow me with all your worldly goods, and as only my poor self was given in return, I am going to get even by endowing you with mine."

The document was handed to him, and, glancing over it, to his surprise, he found that legal papers had been made in due form, making him the beneficiary of all her property.

Really *this* was no trifling gift; for besides the amount received from Mr. Clairo – she being the only heir – the great De Balbao estate, in Mexico, worth somewhere near ten million dollars, would come to Mobilia. Only the proof of her identity was necessary.

Clearview was so moved that he could not speak; the paper

dropped from his hand as he stood there, and he looked at her a moment, gravely.

She arose, came to him and put her head on his shoulder.

"I feel, darling, that without *you*, it would all be as ashes.

"But you cannot give it to me, for I am yourself, and the gift would be self-appropriation!" said he, kissing her passionately.

"And what will you do with the balance that Mr. Clairo owes you?"

"Give it to my sweet Alice!" exclaimed she.

"It would amount to nearly half a million," replied he, "and I would not humiliate the old folks, by taking it *all* from them.

"I think it would be well to give Alice half, and Mrs. Clairo the balance."

"Do just as you like!" said she.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded on the door, and the boy presented a card, marked:— Link Lane.

"Tell him to come up," was the order.

They were seated at the table with Link opposite, who said, drawing out some papers and addressing Mobilia:—

"These are copies of the letter and other papers given to me by Mr. Lane, before his death, to be handed to Mr. Clairo, Sr. when I should carry you away.

"The country being overrun by the soldiers of both the North and South, he did not know whether another letter, sent through the mail, would ever reach his friend, and therefore sent this by me, also.

"Fearing for myself, in the future, I made copies of everything, and here they are."

Clearview took them, and began reading aloud:—

"Eden Plantation, April 3rd, 186–.

"Friend of my boyhood;

"I received a heavy fall from my horse, not long ago, sustaining injuries that will put me in the grave.

"Knowing that death is near, my business must be straightened before it is too late; and as there is no one in whom I have as much confidence as yourself, the disposition of the principal part of my property will be placed in your hands.

"You know the history of my early life; especially that part which relates to my love trouble in Mobile, Alabama, many years ago.

"That is why I entered the Mexican War, going through all the march of our army from the sea to the Metropolis.

"When our victorious troops were in the City of Mexico, I saw and loved a maiden, who returned the love of a Captain of her country's enemies.

"She was the beautiful daughter of Don Miguel De Balbao, who married an Indian Cacique's child. This lady was his only heir.

"We were married against the will of her father, and naturally so; for it could not be expected that he would have any love for one of the conquerors of his country.

"Though he would not attend the wedding, so much love was borne toward his daughter that, after our marriage we were invited to come to live with him, at his fine residence in the Metropolis.

"This was accepted, because I wanted to show my good will, and I would not deprive him of his only child, at once.

"He was surely lonesome enough, having lost his wife several years before.

"Notwithstanding I was treated with the respect due a son-in-law, yet it was apparent to me that Don Miguel never got over his prejudice for a soldier of the United States.

"To live beneath his roof and receive his bounty, under these circumstances, could not be borne by a high-spirited son of the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and, longing for my own country, I determined to leave as soon as opportunity would offer.

"In 1850 a son was born to us. I named him Montgomery, after the capital of my State.

"He was a handsome baby, and his grandfather could not be

enough in the child's company.

"Don Miguel said he was the image of his dead wife, and would hang over my son by the hour.

"When Montgomery was six months old, we made preparations to return to the United States, by way of Vera Cruz.

"On the way to the coast, our party was attacked by brigands, and some were separated from the rest.

"To our great distress, our nurse and son were not to be found.

"We returned to the City, and spent months in trying to get news of him; but he never has been heard of since, and we came to New Orleans.

"I suspected several times that Don Miguel might have had something to do with carrying off my child, and sent detectives twice, within several years, to see if they could find out anything; but their efforts were always fruitless.

"At New Orleans I bought a plantation, and soon went to raising cotton.

"Considerable money was made in this way, and a handsome fortune, by shipping cotton to Europe, through the blockade.

"Most people think what they see about me comprises my fortune; little knowing that I have a balance of over Two hundred thousand Pounds in the Bank of England, subject to my check.

"The life lived with my beautiful wife has been quite happy; but one drawback has presented itself, and that is her religion. She is a rigid Roman Catholic, and I am a Protestant.

"Knowing what an immense fortune awaits her, at the death of her father, the priests in this country have kept close watch, and have been particularly assiduous in their pastoral duties to her.

"Much can be borne in this world, for the love of a beautiful woman; but, God willing, I do not intend that my daughter, born several months ago, shall become a Roman Catholic.

"Left to the education of my wife, the dear child would be brought up in a Convent.

"The consequence will be that she will take the black veil, and

my property, for which so much Protestant energy has been spent, will be donated to the Roman Catholic Church.

"You can help me in this matter, my old playmate, and I ask you to grant the request of a dying man.

"Link, my valued and faithful servant, will bring you my child, taken from its mother, after I am gone.

"It may appear to be cruel, but there is only one way to accomplish my object.

"Do take good care of her, and put the child where she will be raised a Protestant!

"At the age of fifteen, you can return her to my wife; for I do not fear any influence that can be brought to bear, after being instructed in the right way that length of time.

"For her support and future comfort, enclosed you will find a check on the Bank of England, to your order, for Two hundred and Ten thousand Pounds.

"Please invest this money as you think best, deducting a liberal commission, and return it to her, when of age.

"If my son should ever turn up, and I have requested Link to try to find him, this legacy is to be divided. You will also find herein the necessary legal papers to that effect.

"My wife will not suffer, for I have willed her all of my visible property, here.

"When Link delivers the child, please facilitate him in collecting the enclosed check on a New York bank, for Five thousand dollars, made payable to your order, and which he deserves.

"You can put entire confidence in this boy; for he has been my shadow for years.

"Do take good care of my offspring!

"Knowing that armies and battles are between us, I feel that we never will meet again, and must say, with love and blessings, my old schoolmate, – Good-bye forever!

"Affectionately,

"Alfred Lane."

Mobilia took the letter from her husband and pressed it to her lips, while Link went on to tell how he got possession, and placed her in the arms of Mr. Clairo, Sr.

He said that advertisements were made, so far as could be at that time, and rewards offered for him and the child, who were both missing; but by the aid of Mr. Clairo, Sr. he got through the lines, and went to New York.

Mr. Clairo, Sr. secreted Mobilia until after the War, and then took her North.

Not very long afterwards, the news came from New Orleans announcing the death of Mrs. Lane; leaving Mobilia entirely alone in the world, with Mr. Clairo, Sr. as her guardian.

"When did you go down to Mexico, Link?" asked Clearview.

"Many things prevented me from carrying out Mr. Lane's wishes in regard to finding his son, and it was put off time after time until I met your wife in Atlanta.

"I knew that she was Mr. Lane's daughter *then*, the granddaughter of Don Miguel De Balbao, but wanted to make the whole matter clear, and see if any clue could be found to the whereabouts of her brother, – the stolen Mexican Don.

"My inquiries down there, recently, proved beyond a doubt, that Francisco De Balbao, who was then in the United States, was grandson of Don Miguel and the Indian Princess, whose daughter was your wife's mother."

Proud descendants of Pocahontas, in Virginia! How can your pedigree compare with that of a child of the Montezuma, whose blood was mingled with the pure stream emanating from the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella?

After looking over some other papers with Clearview, Link took his departure.

The couple was silent sometime after he had gone, when Mobilia broke into the quietness by saying:—

"I wrote to Miss Domaine that she must come to live with us, when we come back from our trip."

"We cannot be gone very long," replied her husband, "for my trial comes off soon, and I would not have my bondsmen suffer."

They had arranged to leave for Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, that night.

He had to go down town for a short while, and the Elevated Railroad was soon bearing him in transit.

Walking along Wall Street rapidly, who should appear but Dunning.

"Come and take lunch with me!" exclaimed the lawyer.

They were soon seated in the restaurant and began to talk:—

"Your friend, Mrs. Fresco, was quite ill when I left, so several ladies told me," said Dunning, as a look of pain passed over his companion's face, the color of which came and went.

"That is too bad," replied Clearview, looking away, "I must send my sympathy, in some way."

Noticing it pained his friend, the first remarked, to change the subject:—

"See that waiter, how obsequious he is, in his expectation of getting a quarter; and if he does not get it, the next time the gentleman comes in he had better take another seat.

"Yes, I observe," said the lawyer. "Great admiration was had by me for the student waiter, in the White Mountains, last season, who, when handed a half dollar by a millionaire, for his prompt attention, remarked:—

" 'Thank you, but I do not require a premium to be paid me for doing my duty!'

"It is curious that an Anglo-Saxon element will never submit to the tyranny of kings, but allow itself to be oppressed by servants, every day.

"If I were to ever keep a hotel, my guests should be *protected*, by an announcment that all employees receiving 'tips' would be immediately discharged."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Put-in-Bay Island is a very pretty spot out in Lake Erie, situated near where Commodore Perry had his celebrated Naval combat with the British.

It is covered with vineyards and beautiful shade trees, among which latter, not far from the Lake, are built a number of fine hotels.

This place is frequented by people from Cleveland, Sandusky and other cities, not far off; also by many from the interior, who seek recreation and the cool air of the water.

Though it was getting near the close of the season, Clearview and Mobilia had enjoyed themselves very much for a week; but no doubt they would have been happy in each other's company most anywhere in the world.

To their astonishment and pleasure, Bowlder and his bride, formerly Miss Rosamonde, were found at the same hotel where they came; and a good time was enjoyed in their company.

The hours were taken up in walks, driving over the Island, visiting the neighboring ones, and boating; while, when they were disposed to remain quiet, the fine band pleased the ear with rich music.

It was the afternoon of a very warm day, the forenoon of which had been spent in seeing a cave, some distance from the hotel.

Clearview was invited to take a sail with a friend of his, and Mobilia, not feeling very well from a bad cold, said she would walk with them down to the landing, at the end of the Island, but it was not best for her to go out on the water.

The two gentlemen got into the little yacht; the sail was set to the wind, and away she flew; leaving her standing gracefully on the steps, waving her handkerchief.

"Do not stay long!" were the last words borne to them by the wind, and she turned, retracing her steps slowly up the pier. When the land was reached, a seat was taken, from which a pair of bright eyes could behold the course of the little vessel as it grew smaller.

It tacked this way and that, skimming the water like a bird,– but what was that!

Deep thunder sounded in the distance; the wind came in puffs, died out, and a chilly sensation crept over her.

Looking through the trees, toward the other end of the Island, a black cloud appeared to be rising out of the Lake, and there were dark creases coming on the water.

The wind had whipped entirely around, now, coming from the North.

The squall struck the Island; the trees began to waive violently, and the few people on the pier, and in boats, quickly hastened to the land to seek their abodes; while the dark streaks passed on over the Lake, to the Westward.

Mobilia was alarmed, and earnestly gazed at the little yacht, containing her husband.

It was about half a mile out, seemed to be still for want of wind, then the squall struck her, – when she was seen no more.

"Oh, dear! I am afraid she has capsized," said she, holding her hand to her heart, and hastening down the pier, while the howling wind wrapped the dress around her beautiful form.

Several young men were running by, and she exclaimed to them:—

"Stop! Cannot some of you take a boat out to those men, who have capsized?"

They looked at the beautiful woman, and heard the pleading tones, but only answered as they turned to go:— "It is too rough!"

Such as *these* would be called "dudes" in New York.

Mobilia's eyes flashed, as she cried to their retreating figures:—

"Cowards, and shells of men! will you let a woman go alone?" but they were soon out of sight.

Descending the steps quickly, she untied with difficulty, one of the boats, chafing its rope, got in and pushed it off.

The experience of her girlhood, in rowing on Lake Winnipe-

saukie, now came in good service; but the little boat went up and down over the waves like a mere straw, getting farther and farther from the land.

How dark it was getting! and the wind grew in violence. Now and then she would cease rowing, or trying to row, for the oars half the time beat the air, as the boat plunged, and strain her eyes to catch a sight of the overturned sailboat, crying:—

"Alexander! O Alexander, where are you?"

So high were the waves now, that all control was lost of the boat, and she sat vainly trying to steer it, as the spray drenched her form.

The sea-gulls hung over, giving *their* notes in sympathy, as her raven hair fell to the bottom of the boat, and the cry went up again:—

"Alexander! O my husband, where are you?"

The little boat was raised on a wave for the last time, – for it came down with a crash against something! It was the capsized yacht! and the beautiful form was thrown far out into the surging sea, while the two boats rapidly drifted away.

Was there no one to see her struggling in the foaming breakers? Was there no one to rescue?

A last cry:— "Alexander! Oh, Alexander!" was uttered, as that beautiful head came up once more, – and a huge wave went over it forever!

A large lumber schooner swept by, before the wind, and a dripping form hung over her side, while two sailors held him back.

It was Clearview, and he shouted, struggling:—

"Let me go, men! I heard the voice of my wife!"

"Fool, man! If you did, it was from the shore!" replied one of them, and they carried him below. The schooner had heard the lawyer's shouts of distress, from the yacht, tacked up, and threw over a line, by which he was saved; but his companion had been already drowned by the heavy sea.

The bereaved man was taken, or rather led by Bowlder, back

to New York; for he did not appear to know what he was doing, or where going.

In a few days, the following appeared in one of the papers,—a small tribute from the pen of his old sweetheart, Miss Rosamonde:—

"Who was it that loved, and proved it true?
Mobilia.
Who dared what men refused to do?
Mobilia.

"The waves were high, but her love was there;
Mobilia.
She stepped in the boat and breathed a prayer;
Mobilia.

"Who went out to sea, with all her charms?
Mobilia.
For her husband was in the waves' dark arms;
Mobilia.

"Who faced the ocean's raging strife?
Mobilia.
To save her love, she gave her life!
Mobilia."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Never were friends kinder and more sympathetic, than those of the young lawyer.

Mr. Dizzurne, his partner, who was like a father, exerted himself to cheer him.

Though business was attended to regularly, every action of Clearview seemed to be done with a vacant air.

The time for his trial was now near at head, and preparations were made for going down to Virginia.

How different the trip would be from what he had looked forward to a month before, when a beloved voice sounded in his ears to cheer him.

Mr. Dizzurne, Dunning and others would be in the company though, and that served as a good deal of comfort.

Mrs. Fresco had only been seen once, since his bereavement.

She was very thin, from her recent illness, but the same old smile, so refreshing, greeted him; bringing up memories of by-gone days.

One moment in *her* society appeared to do more in allaying his grief and melancholy, than all the efforts of a numerous acquaintance combined.

He said that a trip to Europe would be taken, as soon as the trial were over.

Let us not go through with all the details of this trial, but suffice it to say that he was entirely acquitted, on the ground of self-defence.

A number of his acquaintances was going across the water, to spend the Winter in the South of France, and elsewhere, and a party was soon made up.

Mrs. Fresco said she would go too, much to his pleasure.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Christmas had almost come, and a good part of the company, which had started from New York on the "Cunarder," was now in Venice, seeing the sights there, leisurely.

Clearview, Mrs. Fresco and others had been to Rome, viewing the Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern glories of that historic city – in Palaces, Churches and works of Art.

The same was done at Florence,– the home of the Medici, – and Milan, where that beautiful Cathedral points heavenward with its many fingers, and LaScala Theatre echoes and reëchoes with sounds of the Drama and Opera.

Turin and Lake Como, also, came in on the route, and now they were settled for quite a while; a portion of the party anyhow.

Through all of these meanderings, though not indifferent, Clearview did not appear to enjoy himself.

Most of the time, he found himself at the side of Mrs. Fresco, whose company alone seemed agreeable.

Everything was natural and easy, but a strange influence was exercised over him by her.

She did not try to allay his grief by interposing contrasts, when those deep feelings came over him almost overwhelmingly; but entered the border-land of sorrow, gradually, and by winning and transposing tones of minor to major, led him to regret, to retrospect, on to that of sweet memories.

He was inclined to neglect those things necessary to the preservation of health, and did not seem to care whether he lived or died.

A gentle suggestion from her, at the proper time, always had its effect, and, before he knew it, an indispensable support, in living grace, was at his side.

To use the words of Bryant:—

"For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

But notwithstanding the guardianship of his fair friend, some indiscretion, or imprudence, had brought on ill-feelings, which culminated in a seige of fever, at the City of Waters.

Some attributed it to going out into the air before the sun had cleared away the unhealthy mists, and others to passing from the warm sunshine outside, into the chilling atmosphere of the cold churches.

But who can tell the mysteries of the human frame?

How quickly high fever will rob even vigorous manhood of its strength, and Clearview lay in the Hotel Victoria, as helpless as a child, after several weeks of illness.

The gentlemen of the party took turns in their offers of kindness to him; but another eye was always on the watch,– far more efficacious in the results.

His friends had visited St. Mark's Cathedral, – that wonderful structure of mosaic work, the Doge's Palace and Bridge of Sighs; gone down into the horrible dungeons, entered the numerous Churches and Art Galleries, where the works of Titian, Canova and Tintoretto shone resplendent, and in fact, seen almost everything that a sight-seer might desire.

Now, on a certain night, there would be a fête on the Grand Canal, and most of the party went out in Gondolas, that passed and repassed from the Rialto Bridge down to the Doge's Palace, in continuous streams.

But what was all this to our friend, who lay in bed perfectly helpless!

When they had all gone, Mrs. Fresco entered his room, left open by the absent nurse, approached the bed, put her hand on his head a moment, and then sat down in the rocking-chair near him, with her back to the door.

He was very weary, and gazed at her as she read little scraps from the New York Herald and occasionally made a few quiet remarks in the peculiarly soft voice.

Her ways did not seem to excite and tire him, like the others' did; but were refreshing and cheering.

Feeling in a more pleased and contented mood than for a long time, his eyes drank in her every motion, – but what was that large figure, standing in the doorway back of where she sat!

Its fiery eyes glared wildly as it sprang towards her.

"Henry Fresco!" uttered Clearview, as he vainly tried to rise.

Mrs. Fresco turned, and as she arose, the intruder grasped her hair with one of his powerful hands; in the other he held a dirk.

She screamed and struggled to get free, with a prayer:—

"Oh, my God! save me!"

The face of the tall Colonel looked down on her like a demon, and he muttered, in a hissing voice, as the heavy-fumed breath of liquor came and went:—

"So you have – cut me – off – without any – al – lowance at all – have you? Then – you can – die!"

The weapon descended, and cut its way into the fair bosom of one of God's most perfect creatures!

The monster saw what he had done, loosed his hold as the nurse and others rushed in, attracted by the screams, sprang to the window, and let himself drop into the dark canal below.

Mrs. Fresco reeled an instant, holding her arms out toward Clearview, fell over on him, and exclaimed:— "Oh, I *love* you!"

She died kissing his lips, while the gentle blood flowed out upon his breast.

Oh, Clearview! – two women whom you loved, in so short a time!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Spring had come again, and everybody went out to breathe the balmy and exhilerating air.

A fashionable lady was taking a drive with one of her friends from another city, and they entered the attractive Cemetery.

Suddenly the sight of a beautiful and expensive monument came into view, and a little girl, at the side of a lady in black, stood placing flowers carefully on it.

The visitors read, exquisitely figured on the marble:—

"From Alice, to her Lovey."

"Who are they?" asked one of them.

"It is the wealthy Mrs. Clairo and her daughter. She lost her husband several months ago," replied the other.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Time tarries for no one, and season after season passes.

In July, during a Summer of their lives, the Clairos sought the White Mountains for health and recreation, and stopped at Maplewood Hotel, in New Hampshire.

They had been there several weeks, when one morning Mrs. Sudmit, née Gybe, announced that Mr. Clearview arrived the night before.

He was not seen by any of them for several days, and then only by Miss Callie, at a distance, in the dining-room.

They had never met again, since their association in New Orleans, and she thought he looked much older; but there was the same graceful and polished air about him.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The air of the high altitude was invigorating, and so clear that Mount Washington, a distance of about ten miles, seemed as if one could put his hand upon the sides, and the little railroad, with its ascending car, appeared like a serpent creeping up to the Tip Top House; while a soothing blueish tint bathed the whole Presidential Range.

Miss Callie sat at the corner of the broad porch, just outside of the parlor, with book resting in her lap, where a full view could be obtained.

She had read very little, and now it was too late, for the shades of evening were falling rapidly.

While thus seated, alone, she turned her head to the right, and seeing Clearview approaching, arose and walked slowly down the porch, which extended in another direction, towards Bethlehem, until one of the parlors was reached; and then entered.

There he found her, looking out of the window into the approaching darkness.

No one else was in there, for few were at the hotel then, and he approached to her side.

"Callie?" he said, to which no answer came.

She would not turn, and he went on in that same modulated voice, which she knew so well: —

"Callie, I have been very lonesome and sick at heart, and when

I saw you to-day, my old love came creeping over me.

"I hate you!" she said, turning her head farther away.

He paused a moment, and then continued:—

"Have we both not suffered enough? Why should we not *try* to be happy!

"Will you help me? Will you be mine, Callie?"

She gave no reply, but her head dropped a little.

He took her hand, and in a few moments she was weeping in his arms.

They were married.

* *

Darkness densor than usual appeared to hang over the most beautiful city in the world, as a figure walked, or rather staggered on the top of one of the highest buildings in Paris.

He stood looking a moment at the long line of lights on the Avenue de l'Opera, and then exclaimed:—

"Clara – I will – be – your – slave – in another – world!"

Several moments later, a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Clearview, with two friends, drove along the Boulevard des Capucines, coming from the "Grand Opera."

Turning down a street, the way was blocked in its course towards the Continental Hotel, by a large crowd of people.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Clearview, "I wish he would go on!"

Her husband got out, proceeded to the centre of the disturbance, and saw a dead man being carried away.

A light fell upon the features, and Clearview shuddered as he entered the carriage.

"What was it?" asked his wife.

"Only a drunken man!" was the reply, as the vehicle drove on, but he never forgot the face of the dead Henry Fresco.

THE END.

705

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00021722509